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**The Characters of Theophrastos
The Mimes of Herodas
The Tablet of Kebes**

R. Thomson Clark



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THEOPHRASTOS.

[*front.*



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THE CHARACTERS OF
THEOPHRASTOS
THE MIMES OF HERODAS
THE TABLET OF KEBES

TRANSLATED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

R. THOMSON CLARK

AND

31 FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
FRANCIS HOWELL'S EDITION OF 1824



LONDON

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MEO PATRI

“ Laus illi debetur et a me gratia maior.”

a.d. vii. Kal. Jun. A.D. MIMIX.



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INTRODUCTION

AT a time when the study of the classical authors is being more and more discouraged and even condemned, when the greatest of these authors already placed before the public are often sadly neglected, it may seem strange, not to say impertinent, thus to perpetrate flagrantly and unapologetically a translation of works comparatively unknown and seldom read, especially when that translation is frankly meant to be popular, and possesses no attractions for the scholar. The objections of the man in the street to a classical work are only too well known; he pronounces it old-fashioned, fusty, and tainted with the smell of the midnight lamp. If it is free from these faults it deals with persons and places barbaric and unfamiliar, and with a world with which he is quite out of sympathy. Even the English reader, who is a devotee of what is greatest in his own literature, has an amazing reluctance to peruse a

translation of these writers to whom that literature owes so much. He is deeply moved over Tennyson's poem without really knowing or caring who Lucretius was ; he reads Pindaric odes without any suspicion that there was a poet named Pindar, unless his edition be one with notes which tell a reader these things.

Literature is too often treated as a thing provincial. Works in English alone are literature, and works prefixed by the adjectives French, German, Latin, Greek are sought after for divers reasons which are not literary. When it is thoroughly realised that literature, like life, is a continuous thing, and that to deprive it of any part is to lessen its intelligibility and meaning, then the classical authors will come to their own. For literature is a study for an end, and not merely the means to break the monotony of a train journey, and in any study the subject must be viewed in its entirety, however much specialisation on one minute section may follow. Let us imagine a reader who intends to study English verse-satire. Although much pleasure is assuredly gained in the reading of Dryden, the mere reading of him will neither reveal what satire is, nor the secret of his pre-eminence as a satirist. The first step ought to be a rapid survey of the history of satire beginning with old Attic and Italian comedy through Aristophanes to

Lucilius and Horace. Then would come a more careful study of Persius and Juvenal. After the Renascence appear their immediate imitators Hall, Marston, Donne, and then he would pass through Marvell to Dryden and Pope. This survey, accompanied by actual reading of these authors, once over, the reader is able to judge what position Dryden holds, and possesses a dozen tests to apply to his writings.

To the three authors whose works are translated in the following pages, the usual epithets of 'ancient' or 'fusty' cannot possibly be applied. Here is no heroic or ideal world, but merely sketches of various types of the ordinary human being, such as might have been made yesterday on the quay at Brighton instead of the harbour of Peiræus. There is none of the characters of Theophrastos' sketches which is not perfectly familiar to each one of us. There is nothing antique about the gossiping ladies of Herodas : they are painfully modern. The reader in search of light reading will find nothing obscurely learned here. These pictures of the life of old Greece show very vividly how changeless is the nature of men and women in spite of the centuries, and for freshness and quiet, even cynical, humour they can compare with the best of our modern journalists. To those whose reading in our own literature is a study they possess additional interest, for they represent early

essays in styles brought to perfection by English authors whose names are household words. The admirer of the comedy of humours and manners, of Addison and Steele, of Bunyan and the allegorical writers, cannot pass them by without interest and attention, for they were their forerunners and often their inspirers.

All three belong to the age that began with the ascendancy of Macedon and the fall of the city-states of Greece. Theophrastos, the earliest in point of time, was born in B.C. 372. Herodas was at the height of his fame when Theophrastos died, while the author of the *Tablet* witnessed the completion of the Roman conquest. It was a very different Greece, the Greece of these men, from the Greece that had shattered the Persians at Plataiai and Salamis. That earlier and heroic Greece had died nobly and atoningly at Chaironeia, and Theophrastos himself had seen the fall of her liberty and heard its swan-song in the fiery grandeur of the *De Corona*. Hellenism was triumphant. Alexander's conquests had laid the world at his feet, and now the old ideals had been realised and had lost their dynamic power : inspiration was dead. What the brilliant achievement had begun in a moment the slow process must complete in many generations. Under such circumstances great original literature could not exist. The

men of heroic mould had passed away, and in their place were men of common clay who knew them not nor understood them. A new literature sprang up—the literature of realism. Self-reflection and criticism had begun, and the centre of interest shifted to the everyday life of common people. The camps of the demi-gods and heroes of Troy, the torture-rock of Prometheus in its Scythian darkness, the horrors of Thebes or Argos could not rouse popular sympathy. Instead, we are carried to the streets of Athens and the crowd which walked them daily, to the ‘private-room’ of the Greek dominie, to the wrangling and abuse of the law-courts. As literature, the literature of the period is vastly inferior to that of the golden ages of Ionia and Athens, yet it is perhaps more interesting to modern readers. For the ideals of that earlier age are not our ideals: they cannot rouse us as they did the men of their time: we cannot even fully sympathise with them. But with Theophrastos and the rest we are at home. Here are the men and women we meet daily, here are our friends, here are ourselves, and reading we can scarcely believe that two thousand years have passed since the lines were penned. They may not inspire but they teach us much, and we get an insight into the life of the men of that day such as no heroic poem can give us. Yet their art and power compel

admiration and even enthusiasm, while their subject entitles them to permanent interest, since it is that only immortal mortal, the ordinary man, and are not we too, all of us, of his company?

Theophrastos, the author of the *Characters*, was born in B.C. 372 in Eresos, a city in the island of Lesbos. His parentage was humble, his father being a fuller, but his mind turning to philosophy he was able to receive instruction from a certain Leukippos, and soon emigrated to Athens, where he joined Plato's students. On the death of the master in 347 he attached himself to Aristotle, and soon became his favourite disciple. From the time of Aristotle's settlement at the Lyceum till his death Theophrastos was engaged in strenuous labours in the cause of his favourite study and on behalf of the city of his adoption. In 322 Aristotle died, and by his wish Theophrastos succeeded him. The new master increased the power and influence of the school—it is said he had over two thousand disciples—and held its leadership with universal approval till 287, when he died.

His works on all branches of philosophy were exceedingly numerous, but only a fraction of them has come down to us, including two works on plants, and fragments of works on stones, on sensation, and on the various branches of physics. But of all the

surviving writings by far the most interesting is the *Characters*. The original form of this work is a matter of dispute, e.g., whether the characters were written down as we have them by Theophrastos, or by a pupil from his conversation, or whether they are extracts from a larger work.¹ Judging from the facts that there is no scientific arrangement and that no manuscript contains them all, we may assume that Theophrastos himself did not give them to the public. It seems most probable that they were but sketches roughly and hastily done for the momentary amusement of his friends, stray leaves from a philosopher's note-book garnered by a loving disciple. It was a wise fortune, at any rate, that preserved these sketches for us and let the greater treatises go to oblivion. The picture of Athens they place before us, of Athens at the height of her culture, is unique, and in them we have one of the most valuable documents possible for the reconstruction of the social life of the conventional Athenian. We learn what he ought and what he ought not to do, and the peculiar forms of ill-manners that were most cordially hated by the cultured. The work is virtually an ancient *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* with its quiet cynicism and delicacy of touch, while it lacks the faults that are

¹ For a full discussion the reader is referred to Jebb's introduction to his edition.

reckoned against the English nobleman. But we find here the same advice on how to become a gentleman, and we pass amongst the crowd of those who fall short of the standard, gossip and flatterer, boaster and niggard, boor and scandal-monger, and among, yet apart from them all, the philosopher-king smiling—half-sadly.

The influence of Theophrastos has been very great on all literatures, and notably on our own. The comedy of humours owes much in acute characterisation to a study of him. Compare, for example, with the picture of the Greek Flatterer Ben Jonson's portrait (in the third act of *Volpone*) of the sycophant of his time. The dramatic form, however, while it throws light on the character, makes it difficult to trace the influence of the author of the *Characters*, but when we turn to our Theophrastean literature proper it is most palpable. We have translators and imitators who adopt his method of seizing a quality and detailing the actions which one in whom that quality is pre-eminent will perform. The reaction after the glory of Elizabeth's reign was very like the reaction after the heroic age of Greece, and the literary men of that time realised their kinship with Theophrastos, for 'fifty-six "characters" or books of characters, published between the years 1605 and 1700, are enumerated by Dr Bliss in his edition

of Earle, and at a later time he had increased the list fourfold.¹ The first of any importance is Hall, who in 1608 produced 'Characterismes of Vertues and Vices,' with an acknowledgment of Theophrastos as his master, a work that will repay reading though it lacks the deftness of the original. His range of characters is wider than that of our present collection of Theophrastos' sketches, and he includes descriptions of men in their professions. This was followed in 1608 by Overbury's *Characters* containing eighty pieces, and that again in 1628 by the first instalment of Earle's *Microcosmographie*.² This latter is undoubtedly the greatest of the works of this kind, and in keenness and penetration it sometimes surpasses its model. In 1688 appeared in France La Bruyère's translation and imitations of Theophrastos, and some twenty years after appeared the *Spectator*, among whose essays are the finest achievements of the school. It is worthy of note that Eustace Budgell, one of the partners in that enterprise, produced a translation of the *Characters*, and indeed some of the *Spectator* portraits are more than worthy of Theophrastos. The matchless description of the famous club might pass for a part of a lost work of his on virtuous

¹ Jebb, *Introd.* p. 24 (2nd ed.); cf. Arber's *Earle's Microcosmographie*, *Introd.* p. 7.

² Specimens from these will be found in Jebb, pp. 24-29.

characters. There is space only for the portrait of Sir Andrew Freeport, a ' Merchant of great Eminence in the City of London, a Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jestings (which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms: for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue that if this Part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation, and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest Favourite is "A Penny saved is a Penny got."

Such a picture might well have been drawn by Theophrastos himself, and it could easily be paralleled from the *Spectator* gallery. The revival of literature with the French Revolution flung this sort of writing out of fashion, but now with the ideals waning there are signs of a revival in interest. Earle has been twice recently reprinted in cheap form, and Overbury once. Professor Jebb's translation of the

Characters appeared in 1870, and since then a steady stream of criticism has been poured forth from Germany. This tribute to the greatness of the work of Aristotle's pupil is not ill-deserved. As an inspirer of our literature he merits study, as a moralist he claims respect, and as we read in his old-time writing the characters of men we know, we are tempted to borrow the enthusiastic eulogy on his own pupil Menander and cry, 'O Theophrastos and life, which of you imitated the other?'

Even before the death of Theophrastos, Athens had lost the headship of the literary world. The wise and enlightened rule of the Ptolemies and their generosity in their patronage of letters soon advanced Alexandria to that eminence, though her *savants* always considered Athens as their mother-city. Throughout the Egyptian empire various other literary centres sprang up, in the allied state of Rhodes for example, and in the tributary island of Kos, but the whole literature of the period (c. 330-80 B.C.) is called by the general name of *Alexandrian*. It was one of the most prolific literary ages the world has seen. The great library was thronged with writers and students of every description, poets, orators, geographers, mathematicians, dramatists, historians, critics, and the number of their books was legion — at the burning of Alexandria in

A.D. 641 it was estimated that close on 800,000 volumes perished. But of all this vast literature only a mere fragment has come down to us, the Hymns of Kallimachos, the Idylls of Theokritos and the *Argonautika* of Apollonios of Rhodes being the most famous. Writers of over a hundred volumes are represented by a handful of miserable fragments.

Of the mimes of Herodas we had till 1891 some twenty lines preserved by later writers and two or three short remarks in authors like the younger Pliny comprised the sum of our knowledge as to his literary fame. In 1891, however, amidst the many treasures which the indefatigable toil of Dr Kenyon rescued from the sands of Egypt there came to light a papyrus containing seven complete mimes and some additional fragments.

Herodas was born (c. B.C. 300), some sixteen years before the death of Theophrastos, in the island of Kos, which was then one of the literary centres of the Hellenistic world. By able character drawing and clever dialogue Herodas soon gained no mean reputation as a writer of mimes. A mime (from the Greek verb *mimeisthai*=to imitate) was a short dialogue in verse describing some scene of actual life—a father counselling his son as Polonius counsels Laertes and similar subjects. It can scarcely be called a play since there is practically no action

(though there was enough for the young Kottalos) and no plot: it might be described as a glorified *tableau vivant*. At first 'it was mere buffoonery,'¹ but in the hands of Sophron (c. 450) it was raised to a branch of literature, becoming an imitation, as a Latin grammarian says, 'of low life and common people.' His son Xenarchos (c. 400) further advanced the mime by using it as a weapon of political satire. In the hands of Theokritos (c. 310-270) the mime received an elegance and lightness it had not hitherto attained, but it was left for Herodas to bring it to its highest perfection.

Herodas prepared himself for mime-writing not only by a prolonged study of his predecessors but also by a careful reading of the older satirists, notably Hipponax (c. 540) and Aristophanes (c. 444-380). A fragment² of a preface tells us that the Muses bade him follow Hipponax the bard of old, which means that he had decided to add the rôle of satirist to that of mimographer. Literary satire is represented by *The Pandar*, where the phrases and style of the great Athenian orators are burlesqued. But his grimmest satire is displayed in the quiet drawing of the sordid side of the life of the times, and no

¹ Nairn, p. xxii., where a full history of the mime will be found.

² *Ibid.* p. 101.

contemporary gives so deep an insight into its degradation. Whether he is smiling or weeping at it all we cannot see : the picture stands silently before us and awaits our judgment. His realism is particularly successful, for he has hidden himself completely from us : we can deduce nothing of his personality from his writings. These stand before us a faithful representation of contemporary life — a life essentially vulgar and commonplace, and often vicious, but never uninteresting or unconvincing. His delineation is as careful and correct as is that of Theophrastos—his Metro and Koritto are as clear before the reader's mental vision as Theophrastos' Garrulous Man, and the dramatic form tends to make the former more striking. His studies of the impudent rogue Battaros and Kerdon the shoemaker—the latter at any rate we all know — are in their way inimitable and sufficient to place him high among the realists. These and the other sketches show us how very little the ordinary human being has changed both in his thought and action—Is there any modern boy or any modern mother who could not sympathise with the ludicrous scene of *The School-master*?—and time and again we are struck by a sentence or a situation which might well have been penned by a novelist of to-day. The influence of Herodas on our literature of course has been *nil*, but he is not unworthy of a place near Fielding, though his real successors are

the painters of the Dutch school.¹ He has real claim to the proud title of the Teniers of Greek literature.²

With the third writer of this volume we are on very different ground. From the market-place of Athens, from the law-courts of Kos, from the life of the rich and the poor we are taken suddenly into the study of the seer. The thoughts of the writer are no longer on the petty business and toil of the workaday world. He sees no longer individual men and women but only humanity: his hero is the hero of the old moralities, *Humanum Genus*. We are dealing with eternal things, with the things that make or mar the life of each one of us. Thus the date of the dialogue is of little importance since it throws no light on its age, dealing with problems of all time.

Tradition assigned it to Kebes, a native of Thebes, who as one of the characters in the *Phaedo*—that last scene in the drama of Sokrates' life—will ever be immortal. Here he is represented as a man keen and quick of intellect, pure in mind and with a soul filled with an eager lust after truth, but of his life nothing is told us. After Sokrates' death

¹ Nairn, p. xl.

² Prof. A. Palmer in *Hermathena*, viii. 260. There is an appreciative article by Dr. Headlam in *Encycl. Brit.* (10th ed.).

he retired to Thebes, where he wrote three dialogues, one of which was called the *Tablet* (*pinax*). Modern scholarship has cast doubts upon the correctness of this view, and it is generally assumed that the dialogue we have is the work of an author living some time after the Christian era. The question, however, is of little consequence. Ever since it was composed, at any rate, the *Tablet* has enjoyed great popularity. Lucian the satirist (c. A.D. 150) mentions it with approbation. In England it was early used as a school book. Mr Jerram quotes from the Constitution of Norwich School, in the sixteenth century, the fact that *Cebetis Tabula* was one of the books read in the highest form. In 1644 Milton speaks of it in his *Treatise on Education* as 'easy and delightful,' while between 1742-1771 there were at least six editions or translations published in Glasgow alone.

The Interpreter of this Greek *Pilgrim's Progress* describes the sage who had dedicated the tablet as 'in word and deed a follower of Pythagoras and Parmenides' whose influence is clearly seen in the dialogue. From Pythagoras¹ (c. 580-500 B.C.) was derived the doctrine of purification or purgation.

¹ Jerram, *Introd.* p. xxiv. In connection it is interesting to note that Plato (*Phaed.* 61 D.) represents the historical Kebes as a pupil of the Pythagorean Philolaos.

‘Pythagoras,’ says Mr Jerram, ‘sought to inculcate not so much a system of philosophy as a particular mode of living. By means of a protracted course of training and the life-long practice of austerity he endeavoured to raise his followers to an almost divine level, and this more than anything else the *Tablet* is designed to teach. It may in fact be regarded as an allegorical exposition of the famous Pythagorean symbol Υ , representing human life where-in the upright stem denoted the difficult ascent to virtue and the branch of the left hand the easier path of life.’ Parmenides (c. 530-460) supplied ‘the doctrine of the uncertainty of sense impressions or Opinion as contrasted with Knowledge.’ Parmenides taught that Opinion was necessarily false, but the author of the *Tablet* prefers to agree with Sokrates, whose influence in the dialogue is supreme, and represents Opinion as sometimes true. The views that Virtue is Knowledge, that the arts and sciences in themselves are insufficient as a means to Virtue, that Virtue is simply practical wisdom and may be taught, are thoroughly Sokratic, while the concluding questions of the Interpreter are a good specimen of the Sokratic method.

The best exposition of the moral teaching of the dialogue is the dialogue itself, the style of which is light and clear, while the dramatic form is used with

considerable skill. Its merits are many and distinct, while its faults are singularly few, and thus on its own account it deserves care and study. Still, it is most likely that for English readers the main interest will lie in its connection with Bunyan and the allegorical views of life in the *Spectator*, and indeed the *Tablet* is not unworthy of a place beside the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Vision of Mirza*. It is not probable at all that Bunyan had any acquaintance with the dialogue, and the Greek must yield unconditionally to the English author. The quaint homeliness, the gentle fancy, the relish of battle that characterise Bunyan are all absent from Kebes' dialogue. In it the simile of a journey strikes us as a device of the schools, while in Bunyan it is the natural thought of one who is ever wandering, one who knows the call of the way. We miss, too, the hope and the passion of a nobler life beyond, that rings in every line of the *Pilgrim's Progress*: the strivers in the Greek tale win no satisfying crown. But the real desire for goodness and truth is equally present in both writers, and the aged teacher of Kebes is conceived with a skill that inevitably recalls Mr Interpreter. In spirit and treatment, indeed, they stand wide as the poles asunder, yet are deeply united in form and motive: the one is of the hardness of life, the other of the quiet of study, yet both are

true with a great truth, and equally necessary to humanity.

The *Spectator* allegories are all conceived in the classical style, and hence are closely allied in temper with the *Tablet*. The famous allegory of *The Choice of Herakles*, which is given as a companion to that of Kebes, has been translated by a *Spectator* essayist, no less a person, indeed, than Sir Richard Steele himself. Its author was the famous sophist Prodikos (c. 420 B.C.), a native of Keos, who was one of the most popular and respected teachers in Greece in the time of Sokrates. The story, as here translated, is taken from Sokrates' relation of it as given by Xenophon.

These translations are frankly designed to be popular, and have therefore been made, it is hoped, readable. To that end everything has been sacrificed, save fidelity to what was conceived to be the author's meaning. With regard to the vexed question of expurgation several grossnesses have been softened into conventional English. In one passage a few lines have been omitted, while a turn in the narrative, if spoiling the effect of a picture of the morals of the day, has avoided a scene that is intolerable to modern taste. The notes, it is hoped, are not too numerous. I have tried to bear in mind Budgell's criticism of La Bruyère that he '*hinted at* so many

Grecian customs,' and I trust they will be found useful in understanding an obscure reference and the other stumbling-blocks in the path of the English reader. These notes, however, are in no sense original, and do not in any way touch on the Greek text. The scholar, therefore, will find nothing here for him. Anyone, however, using these translations along with the Greek will find any variant from his text which may have been followed in the *apparatus criticus* to his edition. If some 'ordinary man' light upon it and read it with pleasure and a kindlier feeling for those of old, my reward will be ample in bringing another to what is a source of my own delight. The faults of such a translation I feel to be many, yet I would deprecate the harsh criticism of any riper scholar who may read, since it was inspired by a love for these writers of antiquity to the study of whom his life is devoted.

I append a list of the editions, etc., of which I have made use. For Theophrastos were consulted the editions of Dübner, Foss, Immisch, Edmonds and Austen, and the translations of Jebb (new edition revised by Sandys, 1909), Healey, Budgell, Howell,¹ Bennett and Hammond ; for Kebes, Dübner, Jerram, Praechter and the Glasgow translation of 1747 ; for

¹ The pseudonym of Isaac Taylor (1787-1865) *v.* Sandys' note to Jebb's preface, p. v.

The Choice of Herakles Gilbert's edition of the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon; for Herodas, which I believe is here for the first time translated into English prose, the editions of Nairn, Crusius, Rutherford, the verse translation by Sharpley, and various papers in the *Classical Review*, *Rheinisches Museum*, etc.

I have to record my heartiest thanks to those who have so kindly helped me in proof-correcting, etc., and especially to the friend whose generous aid alone made the undertaking possible.



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THEOPHRASTOS*



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*THE CHARACTERS OF
THEOPHRASTOS*

PREFACE¹

TO HIS FRIEND POLYKLES

MANY times before this have I pondered and marvelled—and I expect I shall never cease marvelling—over this question—how comes it that while all Greece is under the same sky and all Greeks are brought up in the same fashion, a different character has fallen to each of us? For a long time, Polykles, have I been considering human nature, during a life indeed of nine and ninety years.² I have mixed with men of every kind of nature, and by comparing their characters have studied with great exactness both good men and bad, and I consider it now my duty to write down the characteristics

¹ It is held now by all scholars that this preface and the concluding sentences of i, v, xvi, xviii, xx, xxi, xxx, are spurious, but as they appear—usually bracketed—in most editions they are translated here.

² Theophrastos was only eighty-five when he died.

4 *THE CHARACTERS OF THEOPHRASTOS*

of the lives of both sorts of men. So I will set here class by class the different ways of life pertaining to them and the methods by which they conduct themselves and their affairs. For I hold, friend Polykles, that our sons will be better men if such memorials are left to them, and if they take them as guides they will choose to mix and be friends with only the noblest men, and will endeavour not to be inferior to them.

So I will proceed to the book. It will be your task to accompany me and watch if I speak truly. First, I make a beginning with those who are disciples of Flattery,¹ omitting prefaces and long paragraphs about the subject-matter. Dealing with Flattery first, as I said, I begin by defining it. Then I expound the Flatterer to you, what sort of a man he is and into what character he has shaped himself. Thus I attempt to make plain class by class the rest of the characters of men.

¹ In the traditional arrangement the first character is '*Irony*.' The order adopted is that of Jebb, the numeration of the Leipzig edition being given in brackets.



FLATTERY.

[*face p* 5.



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I (II) FLATTERY

ONE may define flattery as a base companionship which is most advantageous to the flatterer.

The flatterer is the sort of individual who says as he is walking along with you, 'Oh, do you see how all men are looking at you? This never happens to anyone in town except you. You *had* a compliment paid you yesterday in the Stoa.¹ There were more than thirty people there and a discussion arose as to who is our noblest citizen. They mentioned you first, all of them, and at the end each must needs return to you.' These are the sort of things he says as he removes flocks from your tunic, or if a straw is blown by the wind into your hair he picks it off saying with a smile, 'You see? just because I have not met you for two days your beard is whitening, although if any one has black hair for his time of life you certainly have.' Should you be saying anything he commands everyone

¹ A piazza or promenade in Athens near the market-place.

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else to be silent, praises you—taking care you hear it all, of course — and adds a mark of approbation when you stop, ‘Well said.’ If you make a stale jest, he will roar with laughter, thrusting his tunic into his mouth as if he could not contain his mirth. He orders those you meet to ‘Make way till my Lord passes.’ He buys apples and pears to bring home to your children—carefully giving them in your presence—and kisses them, crying, ‘Dear chicks of a noble father.’ If you take him with you to buy shoes, he declares your foot is more elegant than the shoe. When you go to see one of your friends he runs ahead and says ‘He is coming to see you,’ and then running back again tells he has announced your coming. Of course he can do all your shopping in the Ladies’ bazaar without drawing breath. He is the first of your guests to praise your wine, and if he is next to you he says ‘How delicate are your dishes!’ and taking up some thing from the table exclaims ‘How good this is!’ He delights to be asking you if you are cold and if you wish to put on something warm. Before the words are out of your mouth he will have you wrapped up. He bends over to your ear and whispers to you, and though he talks to the others his eyes are always on you. At the theatre he takes the cushion from the attendant and places it himself. He is



COMPLAISANCE.

[*face p. 7.*]



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always declaring how finely your house is built, and how beautifully your gardens are laid out, and what a good likeness your portrait is.

In a word the Flatterer can be seen saying and doing everything by which he thinks he will be in favour.

II (v) COMPLAISANCE

If we may confine it in a definition complaisance is a mode of address intended to give pleasure, but not from the best motives.

The complaisant man is the kind of person who will call to you from a distance, 'Ha, my noble friend,' and after expressing due astonishment will grip your hands and refuse to let go. He will escort you for a little to ask, 'When *will* I see you?' and takes himself off with a compliment. If he is asked to be an arbiter,¹ he will do his best not only to please his friend who asked him but also his opponent, and thus gain the reputation of impartiality. He is capable of affirming that a foreigner speaks more justly than his countrymen. When invited to dinner he will ask his host to call the children,

¹ At Athens private disputes were settled by three arbiters, one from each party and the third as umpire.

8 THE CHARACTERS OF THEOPHRASTOS

and when they appear he will say to them that they and their father are as like as peas.¹ He will bring them near him and kiss them and set them by him, even playing with them, crying out 'Wineskin,' 'Axe,'² and allowing them to go to sleep in his lap, greatly to his discomfort.

III (xv) SURLINESS

SURLINESS is incivility in speech.

The surly man when he is asked, 'Do you know where so-and-so is?' will say, 'Don't worry me!' or if addressed, will refuse to answer. If he wishes to sell something he never names to the intending purchaser the price he will take, but always asks him what he is to get. Those who send him presents for the festival as a mark of esteem are informed that he is sure it is not a *present*. He has no pardon for anyone who has accidentally bespattered him with mud or jostled him or trodden on his foot. When a friend asks him for a subscription³ he will declare he cannot give anything, then a little after he

¹ The Greek saying is 'more like than figs.'

² Possibly cries in some children's game.

³ *i.e.*, a subscription for a friend in need which was usually regarded as a loan; *cf.* xxii, xxv.



SURLINESS.

[*face p. 8.*



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ARROGANCE.

[face p. 9.]



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comes with it growling, 'More money lost.' If he trips on the road he is sure to curse the stone. He will not submit to be kept waiting for anyone, and will refuse to sing or recite or dance. Possibly too he does not pray to the Gods.

IV (xxiv) ARROGANCE

ARROGANCE is contempt for everybody and everything except oneself.

The arrogant man is the sort of person who stops a man hurrying along to tell him he will see him after dinner while he is taking his stroll. When he does you a good turn he tells you to remember it. Meeting those who have asked him to decide a quarrel, he declares he will just do so here in the street. If elected to some office he calls off, saying he has no time. He is never the first to greet if he meets a friend, and is fond of telling his tenants, or people who have anything to sell, to come and see him at daybreak. While walking in the streets he does not speak to those he meets, but keeps his head down, or, if the fancy takes him, high in the air. If he gives some friends a dinner he will not sit down with them, but will send some one under him to preside.

Whenever he goes out he sends on a messenger to say he is coming. He will not allow anyone to enter while he is anointing himself or bathing or at a meal.¹ If he is settling with anyone he usually tells his servant to add up the account and set down the amount to him. When writing a letter he does not say 'I should be obliged' but 'I desire,' and is fond of the phrases 'I have sent to you for,' 'Obey my orders to the letter,' 'Without losing a moment.'

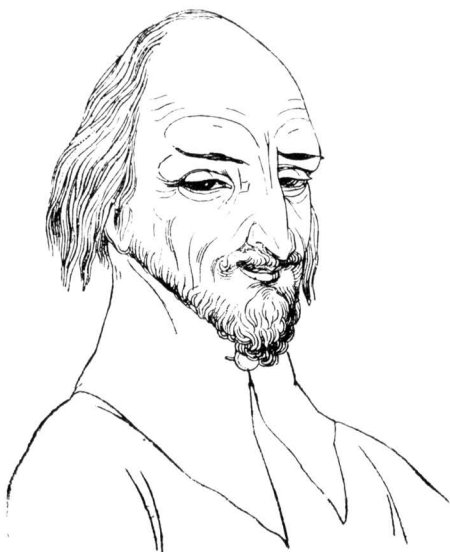
V (1) IRONY

IRONY,² to comprehend it in a brief definition, is a misrepresentation for the worse in word and deed.

The ironical man is he who approaches his enemies and desires to have talk with them and let all hatred cease. He praises people to their faces, and behind their backs inveighs against them, but when they lose lawsuits

¹ The Greek etiquette on this point seems to have been different from ours.

² Dissimulation would perhaps best represent *εἰρωνεία*. 'The chief object of the *εἰρων* seems to be the mystification of those with whom he has dealings, and little prominence is attached to the element of self-depreciation. . . . In the modern phrase he is one who refuses to commit himself.'—Edmonds and Austen *ad loc.*



IRONY.

[*face p. 10.*



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bewails their fate with them. He has pardon ready for those who slander him and takes no account of abuse. With people who have been wronged and chafe under it he talks soothingly. Those who ask to see him at once he bids call again. Never does he admit that he is doing anything: he is always considering. He will pretend he is just this moment come, or he was late or he has been ill. To borrowers or those calling for a subscription he gives a large sum and says he is not rich. When he has something for sale he says he never sells, and when he does not wish to sell declares he will. He will hear but pretend he did not, or see and say he never saw. If he has admitted something he declares he has forgotten all about it. He will say he will see about it or sometimes has no knowledge whatever, or again is quite amazed, or perhaps he had thought so, had he not? His habit in short is to be using this sort of phrase, 'I don't believe it,' 'I can't follow,' 'I am thunder-struck,' 'You say he has changed from what he was,' 'That's not what he said to me,' 'The thing is absurd,' 'Tell that to someone else,' 'I am at a loss whether to disbelieve you or blame him,' 'Now beware of trusting too quickly.'

Such are the phrases, such the windings and

turnings of which the ironical man makes use. Men so double and designing in character are more to be guarded against than serpents.

VI (XXIII) BOASTFULNESS

I WOULD define boastfulness to be the pretension to good which the boaster does not possess.

The braggart will stand on the quay talking away to foreigners of the vast sums he has at sea, and will wax eloquent on the mightiness of his money-lending business and on his gains and losses. At the very moment of exaggeration he sends his servant to the bank where he has a deposit of a whole shilling. He is fond of imposing on a companion of the road a tale of how he saw service with Alexander the Great, and the king's personal dealings with him and the number of jewelled drinking-cups he brought home. He follows up this by asserting that the craftsmen of Asia are more skilled than those of Europe, and all this though he has never been out of town in his life. He will tell you that a letter has come from Antipater¹ — the third, as a matter of

¹ An able general of Alexander's who was left to govern Macedonia in his name.



BOASTFULNESS.

[*face p. 12.*



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fact — bidding him come to Macedonia, and that he declined an offer of the right to export timber duty free, so that no one could carp at him further for being too kindly disposed to Macedonia.¹ ‘In the famine’ he continues, ‘my givings in presents to the starving citizens came to more than a thousand pounds ; you see, I can’t say “No” to people.’ And though those sitting beside him are unknown to him he will ask one of them to reckon up by items of fifty or a hundred pounds, calmly giving a name for each till he gets it well up to two thousand pounds. This sum he declares was given in charities without counting the fitting-out of a war-ship for the state and other public services. He will go to the sellers of the best horses pretending to wish to buy, or, approaching the stalls, ask to see as much as fifty pounds’ worth of cloth, and then quarrel with his slave because he dared attend him without bringing gold. While he is living in a hired house he declares, to those who don’t know about him, that it is the family mansion, but he thinks of selling it for it is too small for his entertainments.

¹ The Athenians had been the soul of the resistance to the aggression of Macedonia, and though now humbled still cherished to the full their old hostility. A philo-Macedonian was not popular with the people.

VII (xxi) PETTY AMBITION

PETTY ambition, I imagine, may be described as a sordid craving for notoriety.

The man of petty ambition if invited to dinner will be eager to be set next his host. He will take his son to Delphi to have his hair first cut.¹ He will see to it that his attendant is an Æthiopian. When he pays for anything he pays with a new coin. He is always having his hair cut, he keeps his teeth shining, and changes his clothes though his present ones are quite good, and anoints himself with unguents. He hovers around the bankers' tables in the market-place. He spends his time in the gymnasia while the youths are exercising. In the theatre when there is a play he sits next the generals. He makes no purchases for himself, but many on commission for friends abroad, pickled olives for Byzantion, Spartan dogs for Kyzikos, and Hymettian honey for Rhodes, and talks about it to everyone in the city. He is sure to

¹ The Athenian boy at the age of seventeen was supposed to become a youth. His hair was first cut then and dedicated to some local god. The old custom was to dedicate it at the temple of Apollo in Delphi. This man of petty ambition observes the old custom to gain notoriety.



PETTY AMBITION.

[*face p. 14*]



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keep an ape as pet, and to obtain Sicilian doves, dice of deer-horn, rounded Thurian vases, walking sticks of the curved Spartan make, and tapestry with the defeat of the Persians embroidered on it. He will possess a small courtyard with a wrestling-ground prepared with sand and a court for games of ball, and will for ever be lending it to philosophers, lecturers, drill-masters, musicians. At their exhibitions he himself will appear slightly late, so that the spectators will say to one another 'See, the owner of the wrestling-ground.' When he has sacrificed an ox he nails up the skin of the forehead just opposite the doorway, so that anyone visiting him must see he has been sacrificing an ox. If he has been in procession with the Knights he will take off his ceremonial robe and hand it to a slave to carry home, leaving his spurs on, with which he will walk in the market-place, though otherwise in every-day dress. He is sure to buy a little ladder for his pet jackdaw, and make a little shield of brass to enable it to leap on to the ladder. If his little dog of the Melitan¹ breed dies, he puts up a tomb to it and a slab with the inscription 'Klados of Melita.' If he dedicates a ring of brass in the temple of Asklepios he wears it away with

¹ A little island in the Adriatic, now Meleda.

daily garlandings and anointings. It is his custom to arrange with the presidents of the Assembly that he may be allowed to report the result of a sacrifice to the people. Then, having provided himself with a white robe and with a garland, he comes forward and cries 'Men of Athens, we the presidents of the Assembly have sacrificed to the Mother of the Gods¹ with sacrifice worthy and good. Do ye receive her blessings.' Having done this he goes off home to his wife boasting of his absolutely unparalleled good-fortune.

VIII (XXVII) LATE-LEARNING

LATE-learning, I think, is the desire for learning inconsistent with one's advanced age.

The late-learner will learn up passages to recite though he is sixty, and will forget them altogether when trying to repeat them over his wine. He will get his son to teach him, 'Right turn,' 'Left turn,' 'About turn.' At the festivals of heroes he will enter into competition with mere boys in the torch - race. Usually when asked to a sacrifice in the temple of Herakles he will throw off his cloak and attempt to emulate that hero by seizing the ox and trying

¹ The Asiatic goddess Kybele whose temple was on the E. of the market-place.



LATE-LEARNING.

[*face p.* 16.]



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to bend its head back for the knife. He will enter the wrestling-schools and try a bout. At exhibitions he will sit out three or four audiences trying to commit the songs to memory. When initiated into the mysteries of the worship of Sabazios¹ he strives earnestly to distinguish himself most before the priest. He falls in love with a courtesan and brings battering-rams against the doors. He gets beaten by his rival and brings an action against him.² When he goes off to the country with another man's horse he practises trick-riding on the way and falls off and breaks his head. On the tenth day of the month he summons his club mates to promote with them the common good.³ He will play tableaux-vivants⁴ with his valet, and have archery and javelin-throwing competitions with his son's tutor, whom he is ever advising to watch him as if the tutor too knew nothing

¹ Sabazios : an aspect of Dionysos, the God of Fertility, whose worship was orgiastic. The mysteries are the secret ceremonial the worshipper had to undergo.

² Only a *late* learner would drag the law into a love affair.

³ Clubs which were usually composed of young men often took their names from the day on which they met. This club is known as the *δεκαδιῶται*, from its meeting on the 10th day.

⁴ The reading is in dispute (*v. the editions ad loc.*). It seems more likely some youthful and more boisterous pastime is meant.

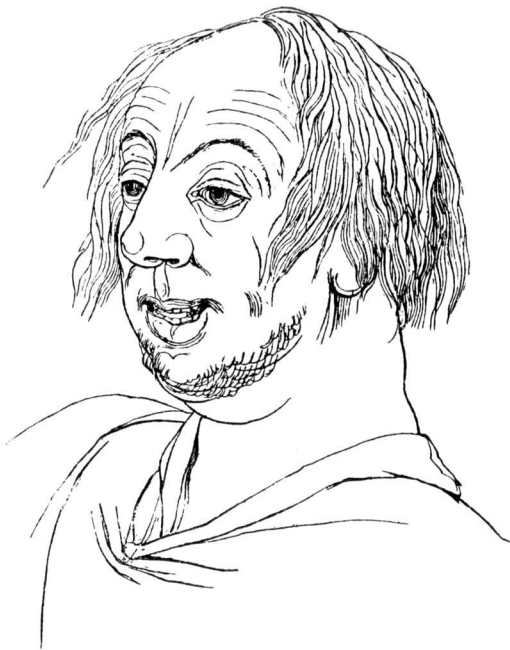
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about it. At the baths he will throw himself into position as if he knew the whole art of wrestling, so as to seem educated, and when women are present he practises dancing steps, singing an accompaniment to himself.

IX (xii) UNSEASONABLENESS

UNSEASONABLENESS is an attitude disagreeable to the persons we meet.

The unseasonable man is the sort of person who comes up to you when you are head over ears in work and confides to you all about it. He serenades his mistress when she is ill with fever. He approaches a man who has been cast in a surety case and asks him to stand surety for him. He appears to give evidence after the verdict is given. When he comes as a guest to a wedding he begins a tirade against woman. He asks those who have just returned from a long journey to come for a stroll with him. He is always found bringing a higher bidder to a man who has just closed a bargain. He will rise up and tell a long story from the very beginning to people who have heard it already and who know it by heart. He is eager to burden himself with the doing of



UNSEASONABLENESS.

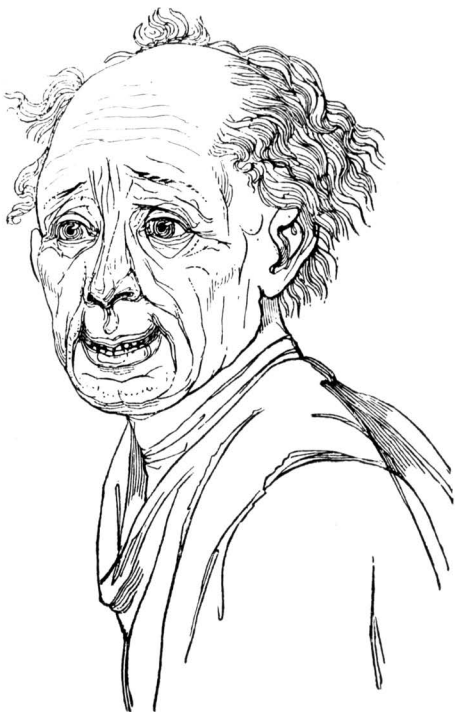
[*face p. 18.*



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OFFICIOUSNESS.

[face p. 19



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things one doesn't want done but is ashamed to refuse. If you are engaged in sacrifice and thereby spending considerable sums, it is then that he is sure to come to ask his interest. If he is standing by while your slave is being flogged, he has a long story how *his* slave got an exactly similar beating and hanged himself. When present at an arbitration he causes further dissension when both sides wish the quarrel at an end. Should he have a mind to dance, he grips hold of some one who is not drunk yet, and swings him out.

X (XIII) OFFICIOUSNESS

OFFICIOUSNESS—to define it—is a presuming in word and deed but with quite good intent.

The officious man will get up and make promises he cannot possibly keep. When an argument is recognised to be just, he has an objection to it and is proved wrong. He will compel the slave to mix more wine than his guests can drink. He will separate two fighters though he does not know them at all. Leaving the high road he will lead you by a short cut and eventually be quite at a loss to know where to go. He will go up to the general and ask

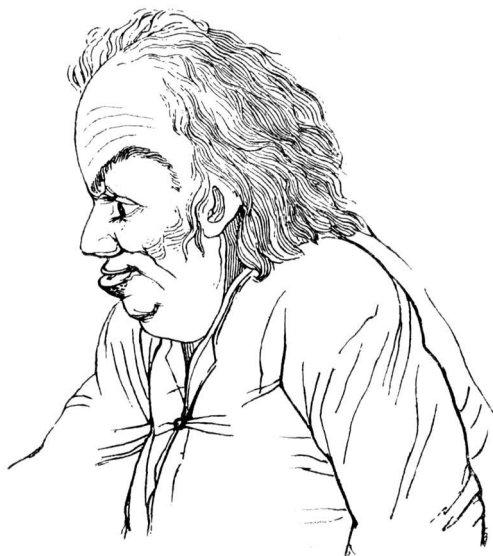
when he intends to offer battle and what are the orders for the day after to-morrow. He will come up to his father and tell him his mother is already in bed. When the doctor strictly orders him not to give wine to a sick person he remarks he is anxious to give it a trial and drowns the sick man with it. When a lady dies he inscribes on her tomb her husband's name and her father's and her mother's, and, of course, her own and the place of her birth, adding 'All those named were excellent persons.'¹ At the moment of taking an oath he will remark to those present 'You know I have often taken oaths before.'

XI (xx) UNPLEASANTNESS

UNPLEASANTNESS, if we define it, is perhaps an attitude irritating enough but involving no real injury.

The unpleasant man enters and rouses you from sleep to converse with you. He detains men when they are hurrying on board ship. He asks people who come up to him to wait till he has had his walk. He takes his child from the nurse and feeds it from his own

¹ The officiousness consists in the insertion of the mother's name and the complimentary phrase.



UNPLEASANTNESS.

[*face p. 20.*



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OFFENSIVENESS.

[*face p.* 21.



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mouth, whistling to it and calling it pet names, 'daddy's little rogue' and the like. At table he expatiates on the disastrous effects of a big dose of hellebore. He is fond of asking before his relations 'Say, mother, when I was born what day of the month was it?' He tells you he has cold cistern-water in his house and a kitchen-garden full of exquisite vegetables and a cook who knows a thing or two about dainty dishes, and that his house is just like an inn, always packed full, and his friends! oh, his friends are just like bored casks: give them all the benefits he may, they can't be filled. When he gives a dinner he calls the attention of the guest to his parasite and his qualities. He encourages his guests at the wine by saying entertainment has been provided, and that whenever they desire the slave will bring in the flute-girl so that they may be filled with music and be merry.

XII (XIX) OFFENSIVENESS

OFFENSIVENESS is disgusting neglect of the person.

The offensive man goes about with a leprous or scrofulous complaint or with black nails,

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and says these are diseases he got by heredity. His father had them and his grandfather, so it is not easy to be supposititiously introduced into *his* family. He is always having ulcers on his shins and sores on his toes. He never takes any care of them but lets them fester. His teeth are dirty and decaying. He wipes his nose while eating and gets covered with blood at a sacrifice. He lets saliva fall from his mouth while talking and goes to bed unwashed. He uses rancid oil to anoint himself at the baths, and walks in the market-place clothed in a heavy tunic and a light robe covered with stains.

XIII (xiv) STUPIDITY

STUPIDITY—to make use again of definition—is slowness of mind in word and deed.

The stupid man will reckon up a sum with counters, and having got the total will ask the person beside him ‘What does it amount to?’ If he is defendant in an action, he will forget altogether that it is time for it to come on and will go into the country. When he goes to the theatre he will be left behind slumbering on alone. If he has got anything and has laid



STUPIDITY.

[*face b.* 22



BOORISHNESS.

[*face p. 23.*

it away himself he will search and search but never be able to find it. When a messenger comes to tell him that one of his friends is dead and he is expected at the house, his face will grow sad and his eyes will fill with tears and he will say 'Heaven is kind.' He is sure to insist on witnesses if he is receiving payment for a debt. In winter he will quarrel with his servant because he did not get cucumbers. He will compel his children to wrestle and run races to the point of utter exhaustion. When he is in the country and is cooking a leek for himself, he will put salt twice into the pot and make the thing unfit to eat. When the rain comes on he will remark 'What a sweet smell is coming from the sky,' while others are saying 'from the earth.' Or if asked 'How many dead bodies do you think have been taken out by the Sacred Gate,' he will answer 'Would that you and I had as many!'¹

XIV (IV) BOORISHNESS

BOORISHNESS appears to be ignorance of the requirements of propriety.

¹ The stupidity consists in using words of ill-omen, for 'he associates *death* with himself and with his questioner by a *wish*.'—Jebb.

The boor will go into the Assembly after drinking a posset and vow that its flavour of thyme is sweeter than any perfume. He will wear shoes too big for his feet. He will talk in a loud voice. He will have no faith in friends and relations, but will make his slaves his confidants in matters of the gravest import, and relate all the news from the Assembly to the hired labourers in his fields. He will sit down though he is wearing a cloak that does not reach his knee. He will stand wondering and awestruck if he sees an ox or an ass or a goat but will never be surprised or amazed at anything else he sees in the streets. He is accustomed to filch things to eat from the store-room and to drink wine a trifle strong. He will make love to the baking-woman and help her to grind the corn for his own and the family's use. He will eat his breakfast in process of pulling down hay for his beasts. He will answer the door himself, and calling the dog to him seize it by the nose crying 'Behold the guardian of house and home.' If offered a piece of money he will refuse it, saying it is much too worn, and will take another for it. If he has lent his plough or basket or sickle or sack he will remember them while he lies awake at midnight and get up to go and demand their return. While



SHAMELESSNESS.

[*face p. 25.*]



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journeying down to the city he will ask whomsoever he meets at what prices hides and salt-fish are going, and if the magistrate celebrates the new moon to-day,¹ declaring further that he is going to have his hair cut in town, and at this same visit he is going to buy some salt-fish at Archias' store as he passes. He is in the habit of singing at the bath and will equip his shoes with nails.

XV (IX) SHAMELESSNESS

LET us define shamelessness as disregard of reputation for the sake of base gain.

The shameless man is the sort of person who goes to the creditor whose money he has never paid and borrows more. When he has sacrificed to the gods he never gives the customary feast to his friends with the remains, but he preserves them in salt and dines out. When out at dinner he summons his valet and gives him bread and meat from the table, saying loud enough for all to hear 'Feast on that, friend Tibios.'² While shopping he reminds

¹ The first day of a lunar month marked by a sacrifice was a great market-day at Athens.

² At Rome it was the custom for a guest to hand food to his slave, but it was recognised it was to be reserved

the meat-seller of any benefits he may have done him. He stands near the scales and throws on some beef or at least a bone for soup. If he gets it, good and well; if not, he grabs a bit of tripe and departs laughing. He takes seats for an entertainment for foreign friends and enjoys the entertainment without paying his share, and next day brings his boys and their tutor. If he sees some one getting a good bargain he begs him to go halves. He goes to another's house and borrows barley or perhaps bran, and compels the lender to bring it to his house. He is wont to go up to the brazen vessels in the baths and himself plunge the ladle in¹—while the bathman seeing a two-penny fee vanishing, cries out in anger—and pour the water over himself. Then he says 'I have had my bath,' and as he goes out, shouts back, 'No thanks to you, my man.'

XVI (VI) RECKLESSNESS

RECKLESSNESS is the hardihood to do shameful things in word and deed.

for the use of his master next day. At Athens such an action was considered ill-bred. The shamelessness consists in saying 'Feast on that' since it was to be reserved for himself.

¹ A duty always performed by the bathman.



RECKLESSNESS.

[*face p. 26.*



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The reckless man takes an oath on the spur of the moment, can bear abuse and give it, in manners a huckster, obscene and fit for anything, the kind of fellow who will in his sober senses dance any unseemly dance in a comedy, without a mask. At performances he takes the collection, going to every man in turn and quarrelling with those who have a pass and think they have a right to see the show for nothing. He is sure to become a tavern-keeper, or a procurer, or a tax-collector, shrinking from no trade however despicable. He stoops to be a crier, a cook, a gambler; he neglects his mother, he is imprisoned for stealing, and spends more of his life in the cells than in his own home. He is the kind of man, too, who gathers a crowd round him by calling out, and then raves and shrieks at them in a loud cracked voice. All the time, some will be coming up, others will go off without hearing him to the end; some will get the beginning of the tale, others a summary of it, others a fragment. Nor does he ever dream of displaying his recklessness at anything less than a public gathering. He has all the knowledge necessary for actions at law. Now he defends, now prosecutes, now excuses himself from attendance on oath, now appears with his brief box in his tunic and strings of

papers in his hands. He never shrinks from becoming a leading subsidiser of retail dealers, but willingly lends them money levying a twenty per cent. interest per day, and goes the round of the butchers, the fish-mongers and fish-salters to collect it, thrusting into his cheek the proceeds of his business.

Reckless folk are a troublesome class, for they have a tongue easily set a-going in abuse, and they utter their railing in a loud voice so that the workshops and market-place re-echo.

XVII (XI) GROSSNESS

IT is not a hard task to define grossness : it is shameless and disgusting jesting.

The gross man insults free-born ladies. In a theatre he keeps on clapping his hands when every one else is finished, and hisses the performers who have taken the fancy of the rest of the audience. When the market-place is crowded he goes up to a stall where walnuts or myrtleberries or fruits are sold and stands eating away from pure greed, talking all the time to the seller. He calls by name a person he only knows slightly, and should



GROSSNESS.

[*face p. 28.*



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GARRULITY.

[*face p. 29.*



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he see people in a great hurry he bids them stop. He runs up to a man leaving the court, having just been worsted in a great action and offers him his congratulations. He does all his shopping and hiring of flute-girls himself. He shows to all he meets the dainties he has bought, and invites them to come up and eat them with him. He passes the remark as he stands at the barber's or perfume-seller's that he intends to get drunk. He speaks words of ill-omen when his mother departs to consult the fortune-teller, and when people are at their devotions and pouring libations he lets fall his cup,¹ and laughs as if he had done something witty. When the flute-girl is playing he alone claps his hands, and hums the air and asks angrily why she stopped so soon. When he desires to spit he does it across the table at the cupbearer.

XVIII (III) GARRULITY

GARRULITY is the pouring forth of many words without any forethought.

The garrulous man will sit down beside you

¹ This was considered an exceedingly bad omen.

though he never saw you in his life before, and laud his wife up to the skies. Then he will tell you the dream he had last night, or describe all he had for dinner, every item of it. Then warming to his task he remarks to you how inferior we men of to-day are to the ancients, how cheap wheat is in the market, how many foreigners are in town. He informs you that after the festival of Dionysos in February the sea will be safe for sailing, that if Heaven would send more rain the crops would come on better, that he is going to farm his land next year, and how difficult life is, and did you hear what a tremendous torch Damippos had set up at the mysteries.¹ He wonders how many columns the Odeion has. He confides to you he was unwell yesterday. He asks what day it is, and informs you that the mysteries² will be celebrated in September, the Apaturia in October, and the country festival of Dionysos in December. If you stand this sort of thing for a moment he goes on forever.

Unless you want a fever, shake off men

¹ Torches were in great use at all primitive religious rites, but the largeness of this particular torch is a fit subject for gossip.

² The great mysteries at Eleusis to Demeter, Goddess of Fertility.



LOQUACITY.

[*face p. 31.*]



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like him and get rid of them. It is a hard thing to endure men who cannot see the difference between work and leisure.

XIX (VII) LOQUACITY

THE best definition of Loquacity—if we wish to use a definition—would be incontinence of speech.

The loquacious man will say to you, if you meet him and tell him something, that you are quite wrong, but *he* knows all about it, and if you'll condescend to listen he will make you perfectly acquainted with it. If you are answering him he interrupts you in the middle of your speech with 'Do you say so? Don't forget what you were going to say,' or 'Thanks indeed for reminding me,' or 'How much useful information do we get from a conversation!' or 'Oh, I omitted,' or 'Why, you *have* seen through it quickly,' or 'I have been watching for ages to see if you reach the same conclusion as I,' and such other beginnings of talk will he find so that you haven't a moment's breathing-space. Then when he has vanquished a few isolated individuals he advances on large orderly com-

panies and routs them while they are busy at their work. He will go into the colleges and wrestling-schools and prevent the boys from learning by talking this sort of stuff to the teachers and trainers. If you rise to go he will certainly accompany you home, and see you restored to your own fireside. Having obtained news from the Assembly he rushes away to tell it and, in addition, the hoary tale of the struggle of the orators¹ in the year Aristophon was chief magistrate, and the speech by which he himself won renown in the Assembly. Into the narration, too, he flings revilings against the mob so that the listener forgets what he was talking about, or goes to sleep, or leaves in the middle and gets rid of him. While acting as juryman he will hinder the verdict being given, and at a theatre keep those near him from seeing the performance, and at dinner prevent the company from eating, saying 'It is difficult for a loquacious man to be silent,' and that his tongue cannot be still and that he could not be silent not even if everybody were to

¹ The reading is in dispute (*v.* the Leipzig edition, etc.). The translation above will refer to the great forensic duel between Æschines and Demosthenes on the motion of Ktesiphon that Demosthenes should be crowned for his services to his country, on which occasion was delivered the *De Corona*, the greatest oration of the ancient world.



NEWSMAKING.

[*face p.* 33.]



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think him a greater chatterer than a magpie.¹ He will endure being made a fool of even by his own children, who when they want to sleep cry to him 'Chatter to us, father, and make us go to sleep.'

XX (VIII) NEWSMAKING

NEWSMAKING is the manufacture of false words and deeds as the newsmaker desires.

The newsmaker is the kind of man who, when he meets a friend puts on a modest demeanour and asks smilingly 'Whence come you? What news? How? have you anything fresh about it?' And as if it were something very urgent he asks again 'Is there any word in?' 'Well, that is good news,' and without giving the man time to reply goes on, 'What's your opinion? Have you heard nothing? I think I can regale you with some news.' He has, of course, a soldier, or a slave of Asteios the flute player, or Lykon the contractor just arrived from the seat of war, from whom he swears he has his information. At any rate the sources of that information are always too far away for any-

¹ The Greek proverbial saying is 'a greater chatterer than a swallow.'

one to get hold of. Mentioning some one of the above he tells how Polysperchon¹ and the king have conquered and how Kassander is a prisoner. If someone asks him 'Do you believe this?' he answers 'Why, the town is full of it: it gains ground every moment: everyone has exactly the same account: they give the same news of the battle,' and adds, 'What a slaughter there has been!' He declares a clear proof of it is found in the faces of the magistrates: you can see they have all changed colour. He affirms he heard privately that a man is kept by them concealed in a house who arrived five days ago from Macedonia and knows all about it, and he will appear really grieved — the scoundrel! — as he adds, 'Poor Kassander, poor man. It is Fortune's usual way: yet how great he once was!' and 'Now none but you must know this,' after he has hastened to everyone in town with his tale.

I have always wondered what men who make

¹ On the death of Antipater (v. p. 12) Polysperchon became regent of Macedonia by Antipater's desire. Antipater's son Kassander appealed to arms to support his claim to succeed his father. The king referred to is the mentally deficient Philip Arrhidaios, whom Alexander's generals raised to the throne on their great monarch's death. For the true history of the times as distinct from the invention of the newsmaker v. *Introd.* to edition by Edmonds and Austen, or a general history like Mahaffy's 'Alexander's Successors.'



EVIL-SPEAKING.

[*face p.* 35.]



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such tales desire, for not only do they become liars, but they suffer material loss. Often those who gather a crowd round them at the baths lose their cloaks, and those who are thus fighting on sea and land in the Stoa lose cases by failing to appear, and some of those who stormed cities with words have to go dinnerless. In what porch, what workshop, what corner of the market-place, do they not waste the day striking their hearers speechless or boring them to death with their romances?

XXI (xxviii) EVIL-SPEAKING

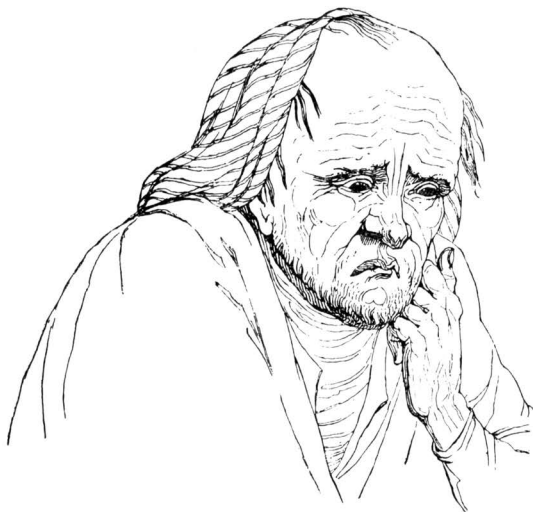
EVIL-SPEAKING is a tendency to speak of others for the worse.

The evil-speaker, when asked who so-and-so is, answers as if he were setting down a genealogy. 'I'll begin with his parents. The gentleman's father was originally called Sosias¹: among the soldiers he blossomed into Sosistratos, and was enrolled in his township roll as Sosidemios. His mother was a Thracian of a really aristocratic family; at any rate she was called "my darling," like a true courtesan,² and they

¹ A common slave-name.

² On the other interpretations *v.* Jebb, p. 199, etc.

say such ladies are of noble birth there. As you might expect from such parents he himself is a scoundrelly knave.' All benigance, he says to another, 'Yes, yes, I know that kind of thing exactly: you weren't wrong in confiding in me.' And further on this, 'These women snatch passers-by from the street,' 'That house has a bad name,' 'They are always talking with men, and they answer the hall-door themselves.' It is his way when others are speaking evil to chime in with 'I hate that fellow, too, more than anybody else. You can see the rascality in his face, and his baseness—there's nothing like it. Proof? Ever since the child was born he has given his wife—who brought him thousands by her dowry, mark you—three brass farthings a day for the table, and makes her wash with cold water in mid-winter.' When he is sitting with friends he is sure to speak about one who has risen and gone away. If he gets the chance he will not refrain from slandering his own relations. He will say any malicious things of friend or relative, even of the dead. His name for abuse is freedom of speech, democratic liberty, independence, and he makes it his chief delight. Thus the sting of evil temper makes men mad and frenzied in mind.



GRUMBLING.

[*face p. 37.*]



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XXII (XVII) GRUMBLING

GRUMBLING is undue complaining about one's lot.

The grumbler is the sort of person who, when a friend sends him over a share from his table, says to the bearer, 'He grudged me soup and wretched beer, or he would have asked me to dinner.' When he is fondly kissed by his mistress he says, 'I wonder if you really love me with all your heart?' He is angry with Heaven, not for sending rain, but for sending it too late. If he finds a purse on the road he says, 'Ugh, I never find a treasure.' When he has got a slave cheap, after much begging from the seller, he growls, 'I'll be surprised if I have got a sound thing for a price like that.' To the man who hurries to tell him first the good news that a son is born to him he says, 'Finish the story. Add that I'll have to waste half my property in a feast over it, and you'll tell the whole truth.' Having won a lawsuit and received an unanimous verdict, he reproaches the writer of his speech with having omitted many of the points. If a subscription is got up for him by his friends, and someone says 'Cheer up,' 'Cheer up!' he cries, 'When I'll

have to pay back the money to every man, and look grateful for it, as if I had received a benefit !'

XXIII (xviii) DISTRUSTFULNESS

DISTRUSTFULNESS is an assumption that injustice rules all men.

The distrustful man, when he has sent a slave to buy provisions, will send a second to find out exactly what he paid. He will carry his money about with him, and sit down every hundred yards to count it. In bed he suddenly asks his wife if the safe is locked and the cupboards sealed and the bolt shut on the hall-door. Though she answers that everything is right, he leaps up from the blankets, and without taking time to put on half his clothes or his shoes, he gets hold of a lamp and runs about to see to all these things, and thus scarcely gets any sleep. He gets witnesses to be near when he demands interest from those who owe him money, to prevent them trying to get out of the debt. He is likely to send his cloak not where he will get it best cleaned, but where the fuller will give him best security for its return. If anyone comes to ask a loan



DISTRUSTFULNESS.

[*face p. 38.*]



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PENURIOSNESS.

[*face p.* 39.]



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of drinking-cups, he prefers not to lend, and if it is a relation or near friend he will be within an inch of trying them in the fire, and weighing them, and demanding security before he lends them. He will order the slave who attends him to walk before him and not behind, to prevent him running off in the street. When people buy something from him and say 'Set the price to my account, I haven't time to send the money just now,' he answers, 'Oh, don't bother if you haven't time, I'll come back to your house with you now.'

XXIV (x) PENURIOUSNESS

PENURIOUSNESS is unseasonable carefulness of profit and loss.

The penurious man will come before the month is finished¹ and demand a half-penny interest instead of waiting for his penny at the end of the month. When he is out dining he will watch how much each drinks and will pour a smaller libation to Artemis than any other member of the company. If a person gets a thing cheap for him and charges it to him he will declare it is too

¹ Interest at Athens was paid at the end of each month.

much. When a servant breaks a jar or a plate he keeps the value of it out of his rations. If his wife lets fall a farthing he is sure to move the furniture and the couches and the ward-robes and to search through all the curtains. When he has anything for sale he will sell it at such a price that the buyer cannot possibly make any profit out of it. He will not allow anyone to take a fig from his garden, or to walk through his estate, or to pick up a date or an olive that has fallen down. He will inspect his boundary stones every day to see if they are untouched. He will enforce the right of distraining and always charges compound interest. When he gives a dinner to his townsmen the pieces of meat he places before them are always very small. If he goes himself to buy provisions he comes back without buying anything. He strictly charges his wife not to lend salt or lamp-wick or cummin or marjoram or barley or garlands or cakes for sacrifice, telling her that these little things come to a big sum at the end of a year. In general one usually perceives that the money chests of the penurious are mouldy and the keys rusty, and that they wear cloaks scarce reaching to the thigh, that they anoint themselves from the smallest of oil-flasks that their hair is always cropped short,



MEANNESS.

[*face p. 41.*



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that they only put on shoes at midday, and that they are always at the fuller to see that their cloaks have plenty of earth that they may not be quickly soiled.

XXV (XXII) MEANNESS

MEANNESS is an excessive desire to save at the cost of one's dignity.

The mean man, when he has won in a tragic competition, dedicates a wooden scroll to Dionysos, patron of drama, and inscribes on it only his own name.¹ When a public subscription is being raised for the state, he either rises with the rest, but in silence, or goes out altogether. When he is giving away his daughter in marriage he will sell the flesh of the animal sacrificed, except the parts that must go to the priest, and will hire attendants for the wedding on the understanding that they find their own food. When he is in command of a ship he takes the steersman's rug to spread beneath him on the deck, and care-

¹ The usual custom was to inscribe the name of the trainer, etc., and chief magistrate. He grudges at once praise to others, and the money which a larger scroll would cost.

fully packs away his own. He is sure not to send his children to school at the school-children's festival to the Muses, but will say they are not well, so that they need not contribute. When he has got provisions he himself carries home the meat and the vegetables wrapped up in his cloak from the market. Should he have to send his cloak away to be cleaned he stays inside till it comes back. If a friend is collecting subscriptions and has mentioned it to him he turns out of his road if he sees him approaching and goes home a roundabout way. He will refuse to buy an attendant for his wife who brought him a dowry, but will hire for her walks¹ a girl from the Ladies' bazaar. He will wear shoes all patched and mended and say horn ones don't excel them for lasting. He will sweep out his house himself when he rises, polish the couches, and when he sits down will thrust aside the rough cloak which is all he wears by way of dress.

XXVI (xxx) AVARICE

AVARICE is excessive desire for base gain.

¹ It was contrary to etiquette for an Athenian lady to go out unattended. The mean man will not give his wife a regular attendant, but hires a girl by the hour.



AVARICE.

[face b. 43.]



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The avaricious man, when he gives a party, will not put enough bread on the table. He will borrow from a friend who is staying with him. When he makes a distribution he declares that the distributer always gets a double share and proceeds to appropriate two shares. If he sells wine, he puts water into it though the purchaser is his best friend. He goes to the theatre and takes his children with him only on the occasions when free admission is given to the gallery. If he has to travel on public business he leaves at home the money granted by the state for travelling expenses and borrows of his colleagues. He places a heavier burden on his slave than he can carry, and gives smaller rations than any other. He demands his share of the presents given to the embassy by the city they have visited, and sells it all. When he is anointing himself at the baths he says to the slave, 'Tuts, this oil is quite rancid,' and he anoints himself with somebody else's. He is sure to demand half of the farthings found by his slaves in the streets, crying out 'Halves! Halves!' When he has sent off his cloak to be cleaned he borrows one from someone he knows and keeps it for quite a time until the owner has to ask it back. He has other characteristics. He will measure the daily rations for his household

with the scale of the niggard, whose bottom is dented inwards, and will carefully pass his hand over it lest there be one grain too many. He will get the better of a friend who is anxious to sell something at a reasonable price, for he buys it, and then sells it at a higher price. When paying a debt of several pounds he will certainly keep back some shillings. If his boys are unwell and cannot go to school for the whole month he deducts a proportion from the account, and all through the month of Anthesterion¹ he will not send them to school because of the number of festivals for which he would have to pay. When he is receiving rent from a slave in farthings he makes him pay in addition the sum required to enable him to change it into silver without cost to himself. Running through his club accounts, he demands from the manager a dish from the common table for his servants, and will make a note of the half-radishes left over in case the attendants take them. Again, if he goes a journey with friends he makes use of their slaves but lets his own out on hire, and of course does not give the money thus gained to the common fund. If the club dinner is held in his house, he is sure to hide away for him-

¹ During this month (corresponding roughly to our February) at least three great festivals were held.



COWARDICE

[*face p. 45.*



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self some of the firewood, lentils, vinegar, salt, and lamp-oil. If a friend or a friend's child is getting married he goes out of town for some time to escape giving a present. He borrows from his acquaintances things no one would ask back, or even take back if offered, so that he may be able to keep them.

XXVII (xxv) COWARDICE

COWARDICE, I think, may be defined as a shrinking of the mind through fear.

The coward on a sailing trip will declare that the headlands are privateers, and if a storm come on he will ask if there is anyone who has not been initiated¹ on board. He will put up his head and ask the man at the helm 'Are we nearly half-way?' and 'What does the sky look like?' telling the person beside him that he is a little nervous because of a dream he had. He will take off his cloak and give it to his slave to ease him in case he has to swim for it, or ask to be put on land. Should he be on a land campaign he will call to those going to the rescue and tell them to stand by him a moment and have a look

¹ *I.e.* into the mysteries; *v.* pp. 17, 30.

round, for it is difficult to discover which are the enemy. Hearing a noise of shouting and seeing men falling he will say to those near him that in his hurry he has forgotten his sword and will run back to the tent. Once there he will send his slave away to reconnoitre and find out where the enemy are. Then he will conceal the sword under the pillow and waste a long time pretending to look for it. Seeing from the tent one of his friends being brought in wounded, he will run up to him bidding him take heart, and will lift him up and carry him. He will attend him and sponge him and sit beside him and keep the flies off his wound, do anything rather than go out and fight the enemy. When the bugler calls to action he will yell, still sitting in the tent, 'Oh, go to the devil¹! You won't let the man get any sleep with your everlasting trumpeting.' Then, covered with blood from the other's wound, he will meet those coming from the battle and announce that he has run some considerable risk to save one of his friends, and will summon the men of his township and his tribe to see the wounded man, telling them how with his own hands he bore him out of the battle to the tent.

¹ The Greek expression is 'Go to the ravens'—i.e. make food for ravens.



SUPERSTITION.

[face p. 47.]



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XXVIII (xvi) SUPERSTITION ¹

SUPERSTITION is merely cowardice in regard to the supernatural.

The superstitious man will wash his hands in the morning,² sprinkle himself from the vessels in the temple,³ place a laurel leaf⁴ in his mouth, and thus go about all day. If a weasel⁵ runs across his path, he will not go on until someone has crossed the road,⁶ or he has thrown three stones across it. When he notices a snake in the house, if it is a brown one he calls on Sabazios,⁷ if it is a sacred one he sets up an enclosure on the spot. He pours oil from his flask on the smooth

¹ For fuller information regarding this difficult character *v.* Jebb's notes.

² Analogous to the Pharisaic refusal to eat without washing.

³ Corresponding to the vessels for Holy Water in Romanist chapels.

⁴ The laurel being sacred to Apollo, the God of Light, was used as a charm against evil.

⁵ A symbol of ill-luck. *v.* Edmonds-Austen edition.

⁶ Who will thus intercept the ill-luck.

⁷ *v.* p. 17. The snake was connected with his worship and in general was regarded as a sign of divine intervention. It was sometimes considered as the incarnation of a hero, to whom the sacred enclosure was dedicated.

stones at the crossways,¹ and having knelt down and worshipped them, goes on. If a mouse² eats through a meal sack, off he goes to the interpreter of omens to ask what he is to do, and if he gets the answer 'Give it to the shoemaker and get it sewn up again,' he pays no attention, but goes away and tries to expiate the omen by sacrifice. He will purify his house perpetually, saying that Hekate has been brought into it by witchcraft. If an owl screeches as he passes he cries out in alarm 'May Athene³ avert the omen,' and goes on. He will not touch a tomb with his foot or come near a corpse or a woman with child, saying he must guard against being defiled. On the fourth and twenty-fourth of each month⁴ he commands his servants to mix wine, and goes out and purchases myrtle, frankincense, and cakes, and returning, pours libations, makes sacrifices, and crowns the Hermaphrodites⁵ all the rest of the day. When he has had a dream he visits the interpreters of dreams,

¹ Altars were set up to Hekate, the moon goddess, at crossroads. The oil was an offering. v. l. 9 for the aspect of Hekate as Goddess of Evil.

² Cicero (Div. 1. 99) mentions a similar prodigy.

³ The owl was sacred to Athene, goddess of Athens. To see one was lucky, but to hear one unlucky.

⁴ The superstitious man thinks these are unlucky days.

⁵ The so-called herms, *i.e.* pillars, with bust of a god with a female head.



THE ARISTOCRATIC TEMPER.

[*face p.* 49.]



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the soothsayers, the augurs, to ask to what God or Goddess he should pray, and will be initiated into the Orphic mysteries.¹ He will of a certainty be one of those people who sprinkle themselves with sea water² on the shore, going off for that purpose every month with his wife, or if she has not the time, with the nurse and the children. If ever he sees anyone feasting on the garlic left for Hekate at the cross-roads he runs away, pours water over his head and gets the priestess to carry a squill or a puppy round him to purify him.³ And if he sees a madman or an epileptic he straightway shivers and spits into his own bosom.⁴

XXIX (xxvi) THE ARISTOCRATIC TEMPER

OLIGARCHY, or the aristocratic temper, seems to be a love of ruling, and covetousness, not of gain, but of power.

¹ Worship connected with the poet-god Orpheus.

² Which was held to have supreme purificatory powers.

³ This carrying of a victim round a person was intended to place him in a charmed circle which the powers of evil dare not pass.—Jebb.

⁴ 'We guard ourselves against epilepsy by spitting—that is, we hurl back the plague.'—Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xxviii. 4, 7 (Jebb), Mensignac, *Recherches sur la Salive*, p. 87.

The Oligarch is the sort of man who, when the people are considering whom they shall join to the chief magistrates to direct the procession with him, will come forward and declare that these men ought to have full powers, and if someone else moves that there should be ten he will say, 'One is enough, but he must be a *man*.' The only line of Homer he will have any knowledge of is,

'The rule of the many is ill : best is the rule of one,'¹ and will be absolutely ignorant of all the rest. He is fond of using these sorts of phrases, 'Let us meet and discuss these things away from the crowd and the market-place,' 'We must stop this running after position in the government and condescending to endure the insults or honours of these people,' 'It is either they or we who are going to rule in this city, not both.' He goes about at midday with his cloak carefully adjusted, his hair trimmed in the prevailing fashion, his nails properly pared, and struts along the street of the Odeion saying, 'With these informers we can't live in this city,' 'We are disgracefully treated by the juries,' 'I wonder why men want to mix themselves up in affairs of state?' 'How thankless this mob is always at the beck and call of anyone

¹ Hom. *Il.* ii. 204.



PATRONAGE OF RASCALS.

[face p. 51.]



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who will scatter presents and bribes !' 'How ashamed I am in the Assembly when a ragged dirty fellow sits beside me !' 'When are they going to stop ruining us with public services and equipment of ships ?' 'How hateful that crowd of agitators is !—but Theseus¹ was the cause of all these evils : he brought the twelve states into one kingdom and subverted the monarchy. But he got his deserts : he was the first to be destroyed by the people.' Other such things he utters to foreigners and those of the citizens who are of like mind and opinion.

XXX (xxix) PATRONAGE OF RASCALS

PATRONAGE of rascals is a love of vice.

The patron of rascals is one who seeks the company of those who have lost a public action and incurred a fine, and thinks if he has them as friends he will be more a man of the world and create more awe. He speaks of honest men, and adds that it is strange no one is honest, and it is a favourite bit of sarcastic pleasantry, 'How honest he is !' He tells you too that the scoundrel is quite a gentleman, if you will only give him a chance, and that while he

¹ To the hero-king Theseus was ascribed the formation of the villages into a compact state and thus the foundation of a *demos*.

admits that most things people say about him are true, he asserts there are other things untrue. 'He is a witty fellow, for instance, and a true friend and tactful,' and he declares during his apology for him that he 'never met a more capable man.' He shows his friendliness to him in his speech in the Assembly, or as defendant in an action, and he is always telling the jury that it is nothing to do with the man, it is the case that is the point. 'But the defendant, gentlemen, is the watch-dog of the state, he keeps a guard over evil-doers. We will have no one to be roused over public wrongs if we lose such men.' Then he is certain to set up as a supporter of rascals and to form conspiracies in the courts for bad causes to get the verdict, and when he is on the jury he puts the worst construction on what the two parties say.

In a word, the patronising of rascals is sister to rascality itself, for very true are the words of the proverb 'Like draws to like.'

THE MIMES OF HERODAS

I

THE MATCH-MAKER

CHARACTERS

METRICHE = A young wife whose husband Mandris is away on a journey.

GYLLIS = The match-maker, foster-mother to Metriche.

THREISSA = Metriche's servant.

The Scene is laid in the house of Metriche, in an inner room where are Metriche and Threissa.

THE MATCH-MAKER

MET. Threissa, someone's knocking at the door. Won't you go and see if anyone has come from our friends in the country? [*Exit* THREISSA.]

THR. [*at the door*]. Who knocks?

GY. I.

THR. Who are you? Are you afraid to come nearer?

GY. Can't you see? I am nearer.

THR. Who are you?

GY. Gyllis, Philainion's mother. Tell Metriche inside that it is I.

MET. Ask the person to come in. [*Enter* GYLLIS.] Who is it?

GY. Gyllis.

MET. What, Gyllis, my foster-mother? Begone, girl. [*Exit* THREISSA.] What kindly destiny persuaded you to come here, Gyllis, to visit me? Why come you like some divine saviour to mankind? You know it is quite five months, Gyllis, I'm sure, since anyone has seen you—even in a dream—coming to my door.

GY. Oh, I live a long way off, my dear, and the mud on the streets!—it takes one right up to the knees. Besides, now I'm of as much use as a fly. Ah, old age is pulling me down and the shadow of death is near.

MET. Hush, hush! don't malign your years. Why, you've still strength to embrace a lover, haven't you, Gyllis?

GY. Jest away. I suppose bantering is young folk's privilege, but you won't make anything out of it. But, my dear child, what an awful time you've been here growing old in solitude, pining away on a lonely couch! How long is it? Why, it is ten whole months since Mandris went off to Egypt, and never a word from him. Ah! he has forgotten you completely and has drunk the love-goddess's draughts. There, you know, the whole land is one temple to Aphrodite. Everything—as much as is, or has been, anywhere — is in Egypt, riches, wrestling, power, peace, fame, goddesses, philosophers, fair, young pages, gold plate, the precinct of the two god-monarchs,¹ the noble sovereign,² the museum,³ wine, every good thing you lack here, and women—oh! the

¹ Ptolemy II. and his wife Arsinoe, who were both deified after the death of Arsinoe.

² Ptolemy II. himself.

³ *I.e.* The great Museum at Alexandria.

quantities of them ! By the queen of Hades, the sky can't boast of having as many stars as Egypt can women—women, in appearance, like the goddesses who hastened to Paris to be judged in beauty—may they not overhear me name them. What sort of feelings can you have warming your lonely bed? You are pining away here unnoticed, and the ashes of decay devour your young life. Look somewhere else and change your course of life for two or three days and be happy with another friend. A ship moored with one anchor isn't safe, you know. Once Mandris dies, all is over, and no one can raise to life, dear child. Oh, you know a wild tempest can arise from a calm and none of us may know the future. The time of youth is so uncertain — but — no one is near us?

MET. No one.

GY. Listen, then, to what I came to tell you. Gryllos, the son of Matalene, Pataikion's daughter, the athlete of five victories—once as a boy at the Pythian games, twice at Corinth at the Isthmian games where he overthrew youths with the first down blooming on their cheek, and twice at Pisa at the Olympian games where he conquered grown men in the boxing match. He is wondrous wealthy, too, and is so gentle that he doesn't even disturb a straw, never yet under the

sway of the goddess of Kythera,¹ as secure as a seal for secrecy. Well, he saw you at the feast of the descent of Mise,² and goaded to madness by the love in his heart he rages, tossed like the ocean, and he never leaves my house day and night, my dear, but makes moan to me and calls me 'little mother' and in his love seems dying. Now, my dear little Metriche, sin this one tiny sin—as a favour. Get right with the love-goddess in case old age steals over you and you'll gain in two ways. You'll live in pleasure and you'll get greater presents than you can imagine. Now think on it and be persuaded, for I do this from love to you, I do, by the Fates.

MET. Surely, Gyllis, your grey hairs are dulling your wits. By Mandris' return and our lady Demeter I would have taken this from no other woman. I'd have taught her to come here with her crooked advice and made her limp away hating my very doorstep. Never come to me again, foster-mother, with a proposal like this. Such words don't befit matronly ladies: tell them to young girls. Metriche, Pythes' daughter, will still warm a lonely couch: leave her alone. No one will ever point the

¹ An island south of the Morea, a seat of the love goddess, Aphrodite.

² A goddess connected with earth-worship. v. notes in Nairn, etc.

finger of scorn at Mandris because of his wife. But, as 'tis said, that is not the talk that's wanted, is it, Gyllis? Threissa! [*Enter THR.*] Wipe that pitcher and pour out three measures of wine and add water in proportion and let her drink deep.

THR. There, Gyllis, drink.

GY. Give it me, then. I didn't really come to ask you to go astray, it was to ask you to come to a festival——

MET. I know. That's the only reason why you're enjoying that drink.

GY. May there always be plenty of that in your press, my dear. Yes, by Demeter, for Gyllis never drank sweeter wine than Metriche's. Well, good luck to you, dear child. Take good care of yourself. I just hope my girls Myrtale and Sime will remain young as long as I have yet to live.



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II

THE PANDAR

CHARACTERS

BATTAROS = A pandar } Resident Aliens
THALES = A sailor } in Kos.
MYRTALE = A courtesan.
CLERK TO THE COURT.

Scene.—A law-court where a jury are hearing Battaros impeachment of Thales for assault.

THE PANDAR

BAT. Gentlemen of the jury, you are not here to judge on our descent or reputation, or on the fact that Thales has a cargo of wheat worth thousands, and I, like a mouse, must only nibble at loaves. No, you are to decide if he is to be allowed to injure Battaros and come triumphant from this suit. Oh, it is enough to make a wolf cry. Consider. I pay my tax as a resident alien : I have a share in the city, though I live not as I should like but as circumstances compel me.

But how about patrons? Name Mennes for your patron. I will name Aristophon. Mennes once conquered in a boxing match, Aristophon is still at the garotter's trade. If you don't think that's true come out when the sun is set and you shall lose your cloaks, sirs, as many of you as have one. I am closely protected by my patron's power.

Now Thales will say to you 'I've come from Acre with a cargo of wheat to allay this grievous famine.' I come from Tyre with a cargo of courtesans. What benefit is there to the state? He does not intend to let you have wheat for nothing, nor I girls. If, because he sails the

sea for his wheat and wears a cloak worth three minae and I stay on land and drag about my old cloak and worn boots, he is able to carry off by force one of my girls without any arrangement or permission of mine, and by night, too, then the protection of your city, sirs, is done with, as far as we aliens are concerned, and your boasted independence, of which you are so proud, is ruined by—Thales. He ought to reflect who he is and of what clay he is made, and should live as I do, abased before the meanest of your citizens. Think of it. Your chiefs, the pillars of the state, proud of a descent far different from his, defer to the laws. No citizen ever assaulted me, alien though I am, nor came to my door in the night, nor brought torches and tried to burn down my house, nor went off with one of my girls ravished away by force. No, but this Phrygian, this Thales, as he calls himself now, who once was called Artimnes, has done all this and has revered neither law nor patron nor magistrate. Now, sir clerk, take the law of assault and read it, and do you, good sir, put the stopper in the water-clock until he has finished, lest the water outrun me and I be like the man in the proverb who loses both bed-fellow and blanket.¹

¹ *I.e.* Besides losing my slave I fail to obtain redress. (*Class. Rev.* xxiii. p. 44.)

C E K. If any free man shall follow a female slave with intent let him pay a double fine.

BATT. These are the words of the great law-giver Charondas, sirs, and not of Battaros in his desire to persecute Thales. If anyone beat at a door let him pay a mina¹—that's the law, gentlemen — if he assault with the fist, another mina, if he burn a house or invade boundaries, a penalty of a thousand drachmae,¹ and if he injures anything another thousand. You have lived in this city, Thales, and never knew it was a city or how, as a city, it was governed. To-day you live in Brikindera,² yesterday you were in Abdera,² to-morrow if anyone will pay you for the trip you'll be at Phaselis.³ However, I will not wear you out, gentlemen, with a tedious long oration and this digression. I have suffered at Thales' hands as many agonies as a mouse caught in tar. I have been beaten, the door of my house broken down, my lintels burned—and I pay four staters a year for that house, sirs. And come up here, Myrtale, and show yourself to all³: have no shame but think these gentlemen

¹ 100 drachmae = 1 mina = £4.

² Towns with bad reputations for stupidity, piracy, etc.

³ A parody of the famous scene in which Hypereides, the Athenian orator, secured the acquittal of Phryne, when he won over the jury by displaying the charms of that famous courtesan.

you see there are your father and dear brothers. Look, sirs, how her tender body is torn all over with the violence of that scoundrel when he dragged her off and ravished her. O cursed Age, he may well sacrifice to thee in thanks that he did not lose his life blood as Philip the Samian braggart did.¹ You laugh? Yes, I am a pandar—I make no denial of it—Battaros is my name, and Sisymbras was my grandfather and Sisymbriskos my father, pandars all. But as far as strength is concerned I could fight a lion—if it were Thales.

I suppose you love Myrtale. That's not strange. I love wheat. Give me that and you'll have her. Aye, by Zeus, if some love glows in your breast stuff the money into the hand of Battaros. Then she is yours and you can bruise her as you please. But one thing more, gentlemen. These words were for him only. It is your duty to decide the case though there are no witnesses, and give a righteous judgment. If he wishes to harm poor slaves' bodies and insists on torture I offer myself too for examination. Take me, Thales, and rack me. Only let the money to be paid for injury taken be laid down first.

¹ Apparently a proverb concerning a Samian who wore his hair long, was taunted with cowardice, but being challenged by another Samian, Philip, defeated him.

Minos the great judge of the dead, with his scales, could not have decided this more equitably. For the rest, sirs, think not the verdict is given for or against Battaros the pandar, it is for or against all the aliens dwelling in your state. Show now the power of Kos and Merops¹ its king, and if Thessalos¹ has the character of Herakles his sire, and why Asklepios² came hither from Triikka, and Phoibe brought forth Leto³ in your isle, think of these glories and end the case with a just verdict, for—unless that ancient proverb speaks falsely—if you beat a Phrygian now, he'll be better afterwards.

¹ A legendary king of Kos.

² v. p. 79.

³ The mother of Apollo.



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III

THE SCHOOL-MASTER

CHARACTERS

LAMPRISKOS = The school-master.

KOTTALOS = A disobedient and unruly pupil.

KOKKALOS
EUTHIES } = Pupils.
PHILLOS }

METROTIME = Mother to Kottalos.

Scene.—In the school-room of Lampriskos. To him, teaching, enter Metrotime dragging in Kottalos.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER

MET. May the dear Muses, Lampriskos, give you joy and pleasure of life if you'll hoist this scamp and flog him until his soul is ready to jump out through his lips—curse him. Woe is me, he has ruined our home with his playing pitch-and-toss. It wasn't enough for him to play with dice but he gets worse every day. He couldn't tell me on the instant where the teacher's house is, and when the thirtieth day of the month—plague on it—demands your fee, not even if I were to shriek like Nannakos.¹ But of course he knows perfectly where the gambling-den is, a place which porters and runaway slaves frequent, and can direct other people to it. His wretched writing-tablet, which I bother myself waxing every month, lies neglected before the inner post of his bed. He scowls at it as if it were Hades, and never writes anything rightly on it but scrapes all the wax off. Yet his dice lie in his bag or

¹ King of Phrygia who, foreseeing the coming of the Deluge, besought heaven's aid with loud lamentations.

his satchel a lot brighter than our oil-flask which we use every day. He doesn't even know the first letter of the alphabet, not after you've yelled it at him half a dozen times. Three days ago, when his father was teaching him how to write Maron, the genius makes it Simon,¹ till I started calling myself a fool ever trying to teach him letters and not setting him to feed mules, but then I hoped he would be a support to me in my old age. Then when either I or his father order him to recite a piece like any other scholar—of course the old man is weak in ears and eyes—then out it comes, drop by drop, as if from a leaky vessel. 'Apollo—god—of—the chase.' Why, your grandmother even could say it, confound you, and she can't read a word—the first wretched Phrygian slave you meet would do it. If we reprove him in a raised tone he has no acquaintance with our threshold for three days, but lives off his grandmother, a poor old soul without any livelihood, or climbs on to the roof, hanging downwards like a monkey. Think what my poor heart suffers when I see him. Oh, it isn't for him I'm anxious, but the tiles are getting broken like cakes, and when the winter comes I've to pay three half-obols² for each tile despite my tears. For it's

¹ Maron was one of the heroes of Thermopylai: Simon was a proverbial name for a scoundrel.

² 2½d.

all over the neighbourhood in gossip that this is the doing of Kottalos, Metrotime's son, and it is all true so that we get nothing to eat. See too, how he has torn all his clothes in a wood,—you'd think he was a fisherman of Delos,¹ dragging out a weary existence on the sea. He knows the seventh and twentieth days ² of the month better than the astronomers, and can't get to sleep for thinking when you'll be on holiday. Now, Lampriskos, if you want the Muses to give you a good life and keep you in prosperity don't give him less——

LAM. Don't beg any more, Metrotime : he'll have quite as much without it. Euthies, here, and you, Kokkalos and Phillos. Be swift and get him on to your shoulders since the moon of Akeses³ is full. Pretty doings these of yours, Kottalos ! So it isn't enough for you to be playing with these dice like your school-friends but you must needs go to that gambling-den and play pitch-and-toss ? I'll make you as meek as a girl, not able to stir a straw, if that's your game. Give me that bull's tail, my most stinging strap, with which I leather the little dancers in my private room. Give it me I say, before I get angry.

¹ Proverbial of poverty.

² v. p. 90.

³ A sailor who became proverbial for waiting till the night time and then working with all his powers, as he always said 'Wait till the moon is full.'

KOT. Oh, I beseech you, Lampriskos, by the Muses and by your beard and by your loved Koutis,¹ don't beat me with that one: take another strap, please, do.

LAM. No. You are such a little wretch, Kottalos, that no one could say anything good about you, although trying to sell you, not even in a country where mice eat iron.

KOT. How—how many lashes are you going to——

LAM. It's not my business. Ask her.

KOT. O mummie, how many are you to give me, your own little——

MET. As many as your infernal back will stand. [LAM. *beats him.*

KOT. Oh, stop: enough, Lampriskos!

LAM. Then will you stop your wickedness?

KOT. Yes—yes—I won't do it again. Oh, I swear it, Lampriskos, by the dear Muses.

LAM. What a flow of language you have now! See, I'll close your mouth with a gag if you don't stop your yelling.

KOT. See, I am quiet. Oh, don't kill me, please.

LAM. Let him down, Kokkalos.

MET. Don't stop, Lampriskos. Thrash on till sunset.

¹ Probably Lampriskos' daughter.

LAM. But he is black and blue already like a spotted snake.

MET. And what about his neglecting his lessons? It's a mere nothing that. Twenty more at least, even if he promises to read better than the Muse of history herself.

[KOT *runs off, sticking out his tongue at MET.*

LAM. Now you get your tongue steeped in honey as quick as you like.

MET. I think I'll tell the old man about it after all whenever I get home, and I'll bring back fetters and let the dear Muses whom he hates see him dance about bound.



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IV

THE SACRIFICERS TO ASKLEPIOS

CHARACTERS

KOKKALE = The sacrificer.

KYNNO = Her friend.

KYDILLA = Slave to Kynno.

KOTTALE = Slave to Kokkale.

THE VERGER.

Scene.—The interior of the temple of Asklepios in Kos.

THE SACRIFICERS TO ASKLEPIOS

KOK. Hail, Lord of Healing¹ who dost rule Triikka and dost inhabit fair Kos and Epidauros, and with thee, hail to Koronis and Apollo who bore thee, and to her whom thou touchest with thy right hand, Hygeia! Hail to Panake, Epio, Iāso, whose are these sacred altars, and to you, Podaleirios and Machaon, healers of cruel diseases, who sacked the city and home of Laomedon, and hail again to all the gods and goddesses who dwell in thy house! O Father and Healer, receive here graciously this cock my herald, which roosted on my walls, which I offer, a poor dish for thy banquet. For we don't have big takings else we would have brought, if we could, an ox or a pig covered with fat instead of a cock as a thankoffering for healing

¹ Asklepios, the son of Apollo and the nymph Koronis, was worshipped as the God of Healing in Epidauros in Argolis, Triikka in Thessaly, and Kos. Hygeia (*i.e.* Health), Panake, Epio, Iāso were his daughters. Podaleirios and Machaon, his sons, were heroes at Troy, both in Herakles' war against Laomedon and in the more famous expedition of Agamemnon.

when thou didst stretch out thine holy hand and didst wipe away all our diseases.

KYN. Place your tablet on Hygeia's right.

[KOK. *places it.*

KOK. Oh, what beautiful statues are here, dear Kynno! What sculptor did this one, and who dedicated it?

KYN. Praxiteles' sons¹ did it, and Euthies, the son of Prexon, dedicated it. Can't you see the inscription on the pedestal?

KOK. May the Healer ever be propitious to them and to Euthies for such beautiful works. But look, dear, at that statue of the girl up there, gazing towards the apple. Wouldn't you say she would expire if she didn't reach it? And that one of the old man, Kynno! and by the Fates, how that boy is strangling that goose! If the statue wasn't just at our feet you'd think it could talk. Aye, in time men will be putting life itself into stone. And, oh, Kynno, do you not see that statue of Battale, Myttes' daughter? Doesn't it stand just like her? Whoever has not seen Battale, let him look on this statue; it is just exactly the original.

KYN. Come with me, dear, and I'll show you a work the like of which you never saw in all your life. Kydilla, go and call out the verger. Yes, you there, standing gaping all over the

¹ The sculptors Kephisodotos and Timarchos.

place, do you hear me speaking to you? Confound it, she doesn't care a scrap what I say. She stands there staring as inanely as a crab. Go, I tell you, call the verger, you pig. No spot, hallowed or otherwise, will ever hear *you* complimented. Everywhere you've got the same value. Oh, Kydilla, I swear by this god you make me boil with rage though I don't want to get angry, I swear you do. The day will come when you'll scratch your dirty head in terror.

KOK. Oh, don't take everything to heart like this, Kynno, she is only a slave, so her ears are dull with indolence.

KYN. But it is already day, and there is a big crowd pressing in.

KOK. Stay you here, girl: the gate is open and the curtain flung back.¹ Oh, dear Kynno, look at these works. You would think things so beautiful had been carved by Athene herself, to whom be praise. If I were to scratch that picture of a naked boy, wouldn't you expect to see the red mark? For the flesh lies firm upon him in the picture—warm, so warm, and pulsating with life. If Myellos or Pataikiskos, Lampronion's son,² saw these silver tongs painted in here their eyeballs would fall out

¹ Here they advance into the temple proper.

² Proverbial thieves.

with gazing, for they'd think it to be real plate. And that ox and the driver and the woman with him, and that vulture-looking man with the shaggy hair. Don't they just look like life? If I didn't think myself above woman's weakness I would cry out lest that ox *hurt* me. He is looking so nastily at me with one eye.

KYN. True, dear, for the hands of Ephesian Apelles¹ were true in every line, nor could you say 'This man saw one thing, but missed another.' Nay, he carried through the work he had in mind though he had set himself to limn a god. May he who looks on him or on his work without the respect they merit be hung up like an old cloak in a fuller's shop.

THE VERG. Your sacrifice, ladies, has turned out magnificently and will lead to better things. None has propitiated the Healer to a greater extent than you. O Healer, be kindly-natured to these for their fair offerings and to all theirs, whether husbands or kinsfolk. O Healer, so let it be!

KOK. Aye, let it be, mighty Healer, and may we come to thee again with our husbands and children bringing greater gifts and with all healthiness! Kottale, cut the fowl's leg off

¹ The great realist of Greek paintings. In these lines we get Herodas' own views on art in such a defence of Apelles.

carefully and give it to the sacristan. Then put gently the pudding within the serpent's hole¹ and wet the barley-cakes. The rest will do for us to banquet on at home: be sure and don't forget to bring it. Please give me some holy bread.

THE VERG. Well, give me something more than that, for at all sacrifices you get more holy bread if I get a decent portion.

¹ v. p. 46. A snake usually accompanies Asklepios in works of art.



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V

THE JEALOUS WOMAN

CHARACTERS

BITINNA	=A lady who loves her slave Gastron
GASTRON	} =Slaves to Bitinna.
PYRRHIES	
DRECHON	
KYDILLA	=A female slave.

Scene.—A room in Bitinna's house.

THE JEALOUS WOMAN

BIT. So it's the case, Gastron, that you're so amorous that you're not content merely with my love but you carry on with Menon's daughter, Amphytaia.

GAS. I? Carrying on with Amphytaia? Have I ever seen the woman you mean?

BIT. There you are, excuses every time.

GAS. Bitinna, I'm only your slave and you can do with me what you please, but don't suck my blood both night and day.

BIT. My word, what a tongue you have, wretch. Kydilla, where is Pyrrhies? Call him here. [*Enter* PYR.

PYR. What is it?

BIT. Loosen the bucket-rope—and don't be a year about it—that is at the well, and bind him. If I don't thrash you and make you an example to the whole country side, then, by Heaven, don't treat me as a woman, but as of no more worth than a Phrygian slave. I've got myself to blame, Gastron, I know, for putting you on a level with gentlemen, but if I

did make a mistake then, now you'll see whether Bitinna is the born idiot you think she is. Come, you alone are sufficient. Off with his cloak and tie him up.

GAS. Oh, by your knees, Bitinna, don't—don't.

BIT. Strip him, I tell you. You've got to know and realise you're only a slave and that I laid down three minas¹ for you. Curses on the day that brought you here! Pyrrhies, you'll be getting into trouble too. I can see how you're doing anything but tying him up. Get his arms behind his back and let the cords cut into him.

GAS. Oh, Bitinna, forgive this one error! I'm only human and I did go wrong. But if ever again you catch me doing anything you don't like, punish me then, and by branding.

BIT. Keep that stuff for Amphytaia, don't try and soft-soap me, me whom you dallied with and now flout, you wretched door-mat.

PYR. Now he's bound well enough.

BIT. Watch he doesn't get away. Take him away to the flogging-house Hermon keeps, and say to Hermon that he is to give him a thousand lashes on his back and a thousand on his stomach.

¹ v. p. 65.

GAS. You'll kill me, Bitinna, and won't prove till then whether these charges are true or false.

BIT. What! Didn't you say just now with your own tongue, 'Bitinna, forgive me this error?'

GAS. I did it to try and allay your rage.

BIT. Ugh! Why do you stand there staring at me? take him away whither I told you. Hit this cur on the mouth, Kydilla, and you, Drechon, go where Pyrrhies leads you. And, girl, give this beast some rag or other for his filthy body—I don't want him to be seen in the market-place naked. Once more, Pyrrhies, I'll give you your orders. You are to tell Hermon to give him a thousand on his back and a thousand on his stomach. Do you hear? If you forget a word of what I say, you'll be repaid with interest. Now be off, and don't go by the road past Mikkale's house, but by the main road. [*Exit P. and G.*] Oh, but I remember. Run, girl, quick, and call them back before they've got far.

KYD. Pyrrhies! you deaf fool, your mistress wants you. My word, you'd think he was dragging a grave-robber and not a fellow-slave. See now how you're dragging him off to torture. But I'll be bound, Pyrrhies, that within a week my two eyes will see Antidoros putting Achaean

fetters round your legs, the fetters you've just put off. [*Re-enter P. and G.*]

BIT. Here, you! Bring him back here to me still bound, as you led him off; and go and tell Kosis the brander to come here, and bring needles and ink. [*Exit PYR.*] I think I'll have you tattooed while I'm at it. We'll have you slung up like the excellent Davos.

KYD. Oh, dear mistress, let him go this time, and if you do, may your daughter Batyllis live, and may you see her entering a husband's house and holding children in her arms! I ask pardon for him for this one fault.

BIT. Kydilla, don't be impudent or I'll leave the room. Shall I forgive a man seven times a slave? What woman is there who wouldn't spit on my face, and justly too, if I do? Not I, by the goddess. If he doesn't know that he is a mere man, he will know in a moment when he has the letters branded on his forehead.

KYD. But this is the twentieth, Apollo's day, and in five days the Gerenia¹—

BIT. Well, I'll let you off, and you can thank her whom I love no less than my Batyllis and whom I nursed in my arms. But when we've poured libations to the dead you'll have your feast then—oh, yes, a feast!

¹ Possibly a festival in honour of Machaon (*v.* note at p. 79).

VI

A PRIVATE CONVERSATION

CHARACTERS

KORITTO = A lady.

METRO = Her friend.

Slaves to Koritto.

Scene.—A room in Koritto's house: to her enter
Metro.

A PRIVATE CONVERSATION

KOR. Sit down, Metro. Get up, girl, and place a chair for this lady. I've got to issue orders on every little matter: you can't do anything of your own accord, you miserable creature. Heavens, girl, you are simply a stone lying idle in the house, not a slave. But if corn is being measured out you count every crumb, and if ever so little falls off you grumble and growl all day till the very walls are sick of you. *Now*, forsooth, you start wiping and rubbing up that chair, now, when it is needed, robber. Give her thanks for being here, for, if she hadn't been, I'd have given you a taste of my hands.

MET. Oh dear Koritto, you have to bear the same yoke as I. I gnash my teeth day and night, and I bark like a dog, against these wretches. Now to tell what I came here for—but first, get out of this, you discreet wretches, all ears and tongues and every other part on holiday—[*Exit slaves*]*—*now, oh do tell me, and

don't deceive me: whoever was it who made that red belt of yours?

KOR. And where did you see my belt, pray?

MET. Nossis, Erinna's daughter, had it in her hand three days ago. My word, it was a fine present!

KOR. Nossis! Where on earth did she get it?

MET. You won't spread it, if I tell you?

KOR. By these sweet eyes of mine, dear Metro, there isn't a soul who'll hear from Koritto's lips aught of what you may say.

MET. Euboule, Bitas' daughter, then, gave it her, and charged her not to let anyone know.

KOR. O women, women, that woman will ruin me yet. I was kindly, and when she importuned me so, I gave it her, Metro, and before I'd used it too. And as if she had got hold of some hidden treasure, here she goes giving it to people to whom she's no business to give it. Farewell, farewell. O dear friend, if that's your nature, get you another dear friend instead of me. But to give it to Nossis—I fear I'll speak to her with more swelling words than befits a woman—may Adrasteia¹ overlook them—why I wouldn't lend her the rottenest old belt I've got.

MET. Oh, now, Koritto, don't get so choked

i.e. Nemesis.

with rage whenever you hear some silly bit of gossip. A patient woman should bear everything. I'm to blame for this chattering to you about it. This tongue of mine ought really to be cut out. But about what I was asking so earnestly a minute ago : who was it made it? If you are, really are, my friend, tell me. Why do you stare at me and smile? Have you never seen me before? Why so shy? Oh, I implore you, Koritto, don't lie to me, but tell me who made it.

KOR. Heavens, what an importunate creature you are! Well, Kerdon made it.

MET. Oh, yes, but which Kerdon? There are two Kerdons, you know, one with grey eyes who lives near Myrtaline, Kylaithis' daughter, but he couldn't even sew a plectrum to a lyre. The other has his shop in the neighbourhood of Hermodoros' house after you leave the main street. Once he was of some worth, for he had the late lamented Kylaithis' custom—whom may her relations ne'er forget—but he is old now.

KOR. Neither of those as you say, Metro. My man came either from Chios or Erythrai—I don't remember which—he is bald and short and is Prexinos' living image. One fig isn't more like another than these men are.¹ You've got to hear him talk before you can tell that

it's Kerdon and not Prexenos. He does house-to-house work, you know, selling secretly, for every house is in mortal terror of the revenue officers. But his handiwork—you'd think such work was wrought by Athene's hands and not by Kerdon's at all. Well—he came here with two of them. I saw them and my eyes were ready to start out with desire. I never saw ones—we are quite alone?—so well made and as soft as sleep, and the straps were soft as wool, not like straps at all. Even if you searched you'd never find a better cobbler for a lady.

MET. How did you ever let the other away, then?

KOR. What didn't I do to prevent it! I used every trick of persuasion I had. I kissed him, I stroked that bald head of his, I gave sweet wine to drink, I called him every endearing name, I did everything but leap into his arms.

MET. Oh, but you ought to have done that if he wanted you to do it.

KOR. I would have, all right, but it wasn't a good time, for that slave of Bitas came in the middle. You know she comes here night and day to use my grindstone, and she's simply reduced it to powder with her rubbing, just to avoid paying four obols to get her own sharpened.

MET. But how did this cobbler find his way to you, Koritto dear? Tell me that too truthfully.

KOR. Artemis, Kandas the tanner's daughter, told him where I lived and sent him round.

MET. Artemis is always finding something new—she simply puts Thallo in the shade at this pandar's business. Still, though he wouldn't let you buy both, you should have found out who had secured the other.

KOR. Well, I begged him, but he swore he'd never tell me. You see how great his love is.

MET. You're telling me my next call. I'll go to Artemis to get from her who exactly this Kerdon is. Good luck be with you, then, Koritto. My husband will be starving, so I'll have to rush off. Good-bye. [*Exit METRO.*]

KOR. [*at the door.*] Shut the door, girl, and count over my fowls quick—you're their keeper, aren't you?—and see if they are all there. If they are, give them some corn. These bird-thieves would steal a hen while you were nursing it in your lap.



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VII

THE COBBLER

CHARACTERS

KERDON = The cobbler.

METRO = His friend.

CUSTOMERS = Friends to Metro.

DRIMYLOS } = Slaves to Kerdon.

PISTOS }

Scene.—The shop of Kerdon: to him enter Metro and two friends.

THE COBBLER

MET. Kerdon, I have brought these ladies to you. What bits of skilled workmanship have you to show them?

KER. Certainly it is no mean thing to be your friend, Metro. Quick, get the big bench here for the ladies. I'm calling for the second time now, Drimylos. Are you asleep, man? Hit him over the mouth, Pistos, until you knock the sleep out of him. No, not that: tie his neck and his hump together with a cord. Now then, rascal, stir your legs, or must you rattle in larger chains and learn to feel the weight of my fist? Are you ready now, scoundrel? Take the dust off the seat, and be quick about it. Pistos, open that cupboard up there. No, not that one, the one above. Bring down the glorious work of Kerdon. Now, honoured lady, look over these. Take your time about it. Open that case. Now look at this first, Metro. A perfect shoe for a perfect foot. Just look at it, ladies. See how fast the heel is made and how it is all fitted with ornaments. This isn't

the sort of work that's good here and good there : it is the best of work all over. And the leather !—why, may Pallas grant you this and everything else you desire to enjoy if you can get leather anywhere like this. It is as fair as lilies and soft as wax. Kerdon gave Kandalis three minae for the hide, and there isn't better leather anywhere. I swear by anything and everything that I am only speaking the truth, faithful as any watch-dog. I wouldn't tell you the tiniest of fibs. May there be no enjoyment of life to Kerdon from the hour he tells a lie. May the viper's requital be mine—even as it is the other cobblers have bigger profits, and their works are far below mine. Yet I, poor wretch of a cobbler, pass night and day hugging my misery and poverty. I never taste aught till evening, and I can look forward to the appalling row that begins at dawn. I never thought those brutes of Mikion's were furnished with such capacity for noise. Wait, I'm not done yet. I keep thirteen slaves, for, ladies, you must know I simply loathe idleness, and whenever it begins to rain, they sing out in chorus 'Give us it now if you're going to give us anything.' Otherwise they sit there noiseless, like young birds keeping their tails warm. But it isn't words, as they say, that the market demands but coins. If that pair doesn't please

you, Metro, Pistos will bring out another pair. Be sure Kerdon will tell no lies. Bring out all my cases, Pistos. Really you mustn't return again, ladies, with the same full purses. Now there they are, new and of every sort—Sikyonian, Ambrakian, and Chian, parrot-coloured shoes, hemp shoes, saffron shoes, sandal shoes, Ionian shoes, lacing shoes, night shoes, and red shoes, Argive sandals, scarlet shoes. . . .¹ Just tell me on which your desire falls. Both women and dogs devour the cobbler's substance.

A LADY. How much do you want for that pair you took up first? But don't be making us bolt from the shop with a thundering price.

KER. Nay: you yourself will name a price and declare what it is worth. If you don't like to do that, it is hard to make a bargain with you. And if you want really good work, madam, you must offer—I swear to you by my whitening locks wherein baldness has found habitation—a price enough for the workman's daily bread. O Hermes, O Lord of Gain, O Persuasion, aid me, for if something doesn't fall into my net, I don't see how my pot is to fare at all, at all.

LADY. Stop that muttering. Why can't you say out openly what the price is?

KER. Lady, this pair goes at one mina. Now you needn't look up to Heaven. I wouldn't

¹ For these shoes, refer to the commentators.

take a brass farthing off that sum though Athene herself was my customer.

LADY. No wonder then your little hole of a shop is still full of exquisite work, Kerdon. Keep them very carefully. On the 20th of next month Hekate is celebrating her daughter Artakene's marriage. Then there'll be a rush on shoes. If fortune helps you, stupid, they might come to your shop. I'm sure they will come. But sew up your purse in case weasels scatter your minae.

KER. If Hekate comes here the price won't have gone a bit lower than one mina,¹ nor if Artakene comes either. Remember that, please.

LADY. Won't Fortune tempt you by the prospect of touching these little feet of mine that Loves and Cupids touch? Ugh! you are a wretched paltry fellow. You are as exacting as an Æolian,² and you've bribed her to bring us here to be robbed. Still, how much for that other pair? Now out with a price worthy even of Kerdon.

KER. Five staters, by the gods. Eueteris, the flute player, comes here regularly begging me to take the price from her, but I don't like her, and I wouldn't sell them to her not if she promised four darics. She reviled my wife, you see, with awful insults. Now I know you're

¹ v. p. 65.

² A proverbial expression.

needing shoes. Don't be so silly as simply to make a present of these to Eueteris or Hekate or her daughter. Well then, take both pairs for seven darics.¹ I'll do it for Metro's sake. Ah! your kisses would transport me to Heaven even if I were a statue. It is no tongue that you've got, it is a sieve of bliss. Ah! he doesn't live far away from the blessed gods for whom you open your lips night and day. Put your foot there. I'll try it to see if there is any fault. Right. I don't need to add or take away anything. A fair foot always has a fair fit. You would think Athene's self had shaped the sole. Now—you other—your foot here. What a mangy hoof of a shoe you've on. You'd think an ox had tramped on it. And look at that, by my hearth, even if I'd tried to sharpen my knife on your boot the shoes wouldn't have fitted so well. Ah, you there—you'll have to pay seven darics, you that's giggling at the door like some horse or other. Ladies, if you've need of anything else, of sandals or house-slippers, just send round a slave to me. And by the way, Metro [*Exit ladies*], come you to me on the 9th for a pair of red slippers [*Exit METRO*]. You see we must take care to mend the cloak that warms us.

¹ Stater = 16s. 3d. ; daric = 22s.



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VIII

THE DREAM

Scene.—The sleeping-room where recline a mistress
and her slaves.

THE DREAM

MISTRESS. Psylla, get up, slave. How long are you going to lie there snoring? Plague on you, you lazy wretch, you don't move even with your breathing! Your night would go on for ever. Get up, do you hear, and get a lamp, quick. Mutter now and scratch your head until I lose my temper and beat your crown into a jelly with a stick. My goodness, Megallis, you snore like Endymion himself! Don't blankets ever tire you? We need a wreath for a sacrifice, and there isn't the tiniest skein of wool in the house. Get up, you lazy thing. And you, Anna, come here. I want to tell you a dream I had.

The rest is preserved in fragments too broken to make translation possible.



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IX

A FRAGMENT ON LIFE



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ON LIFE

O Gryllos, Gryllos, when you have turned the sixtieth year, die and become ashes, for dark is the next lap of life's race since the light of life is quenched.



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X-XII

OTHER FRAGMENTS

The remaining fragments of Herodas are in too mutilated a condition for translation. The best collection of these and of the remains of similar works found in Egypt will be found in Crusius' fourth edition.

X

It is not easy to find a habitation without its disadvantages. He who is least troubled is thought best off by his neighbours.

XI

LADIES AT BREAKFAST

HOSTESS. Now all be seated. Where on earth is that child? Show yourself here. Now go at once to our guests Euetaira and Glyke, and say prettily, 'Won't you taste what is before you?' I should advise you to do it unless you want to taste nothing but the scrapings. You'll find that disobeying me is a most unprofitable proceeding.

XII¹

He makes a fool of me at blindman's buff and the like, or ties cords to the sheepfold and upsets his poor old father.

¹ Crusius thinks XII belongs to the mime of which XI is the beginning, and is a part of the hostess' chronicle of the doings of 'that child.'



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THE TABLET OF KEBES



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THE TABLET

The author introduces himself walking with some friends in the temple of Kronos.

1. It chanced one day that we were strolling about in the temple of Kronos in which we saw many votive offerings. We were particularly struck with one of these—a tablet which was set up in front of the shrine, and on which was inscribed a strange design and writing, and we could not understand what it could possibly mean. We were sure the design did not represent a city, nor yet a camp. It was rather a circular enclosure, with two other such enclosures within it, one larger than the other. On the first circle was a gateway, near which was pictured a crowd of folk, and within it we saw a multitude of women. At the gate stood an old man, who seemed to be giving some sort of advice to the crowd which was entering.

2. While we were saying to each other how much at a loss we were as to the interpretation of the picture, and had been thus for some time,

an old man standing near us addressed us :
‘It is no strange or terrible thing, sirs, that you have no idea what can be the meaning of the picture. Few of the townsfolk, even, know what is the interpretation of it. You see it was not a citizen’s offering : a certain foreigner was the dedicator. He came here many years ago, a man wise and most learned, and a zealous follower in word and deed of Pythagoras and Parmenides. He it was who dedicated the picture, and the temple, too, to Kronos.’

‘And did you know this man?’ I asked.
‘Did you ever see him?’

‘Well, I used to wonder at his great age when I was quite young,’ he replied. ‘He was wont to say many excellent things. And sometimes—indeed, I may say often—I have heard him discussing the interpretation of the picture.’

3. ‘Pray tell us, then,’ I cried, ‘if by any chance you can spare the time. We are most anxious to hear what is the meaning of it.’

‘I will not refuse you, sirs,’ he answered, ‘but you must know this first : the narration has a certain danger attaching to it.’

‘Indeed?’ I said, ‘and of what sort?’

‘This,’ was his answer. ‘If you attend to and understand what I say, you will become wise and fortunate : if you do not, you will become foolish and unfortunate and gloomy

and ignorant, and will live wretchedly. In a word the exposition is like the riddle given by the Sphinx. If anyone solved that riddle, he was safe : if he did not, he was destroyed by the Sphinx. The exposition of the picture has a precisely similar result. Folly is a Sphinx to men. She speaks to them in riddles—what is good in life, what bad, what neither good nor bad. And he who cannot find the answer is destroyed by her, and not in an instant as befell him whom the Sphinx devoured, but during a whole lifetime he is destroyed little by little, as those die who are handed over to the torturers. On the other hand, if any one solves the riddle, it is Folly who perishes : the man is saved and remains blessed and fortunate all his life. So now attend, and do not hear wrongly.'

4. 'Of a truth, sir, you have filled us with a great desire to hear and—but is all this true?'

'Absolutely true.'

'Well, then, you cannot be too quick in telling us while we are all attention, especially if the penalty is as dire as you say it is.'

Our new friend took up his staff and stretching it toward the picture said, 'Do you see this circle?'

'I do.'

'Well, first of all, know that this circle is called Life. The great crowd you see standing

beside the gate are those about to journey into Life. The old man standing above the crowd holding a paper in his hand, and seeming to be showing something with the other, is called the Genius. He is giving those who are entering advice as to what they must do when they enter into Life, and he shows them what road they must take, if they wish to go unharmed through it.'

5. 'What is the road that he bids them take for their journey?' I asked.

'Do you see, near the gate,' he replied, 'a seat placed at the spot where the crowd is entering? A woman is seated there, a woman of affected appearance and smooth, plausible manner; she is holding a drinking cup in her hand.'

'I see. Who is she?'

'She is called Deceit,' he said, 'and leads all men astray.'

'What is she doing?'

'She gives those who are entering Life a drug from her cup.'

'What is in the cup?'

'Error, sir, and ignorance.'

'Well, then?'

'After drinking they proceed on their journey through life.'

'Do all drink of this draught of error, or do some not?'

6. 'All drink,' he answered, 'but some deeper than others. But do you see within the gate a multitude of women of all sorts of appearances?'

'I do.'

'These are called Opinions and Desires and Pleasures. When the crowd enters they leap up and embrace them and lead them away.'

'Whither do they lead them?'

'Some to safety, others to destruction by means of Deceit.'

'Good sir, what a terrible draught you tell of!'

'And they all promise that they will lead them to what is best and to a happy and prosperous life. But some through ignorance and error which they drank in from Deceit never find the true way through Life, but wander aimlessly there, as you see those who entered at some previous time wandering to and fro at random.'

7. 'I see them,' I said, 'but who is the woman yonder : she, I mean, who seems blind and frenzied, and stands on a spherical stone?'

'She is called Fortune,' he said ; 'and not only is she blind and frenzied, but she is deaf as well.'

'What is her task?'

'She goes about everywhere ; and from those who have anything she snatches all their

possessions and gives them to others, and again in an instant she deprives these too of what she gave and gives it to others, without method and without security. So you see it shows her nature very well.'

'It! What do you mean?'

'The fact that she is standing on a spherical stone.'

'But what does that signify?'

'It shows that a gift from her is never secure or certain. Indeed, great and terrible disappointments fall on those who put their trust in her.'

8. 'I see a great crowd of men standing round her. Who are these, and what do they want?'

'These are the thoughtless. Each of them is beseeching her for what she scatters among them.'

'Why have they not all the same appearance? I see some of them are rejoicing, but others are stretching forth their hands and seem in despair.'

'Those whom you see rejoicing and laughing are those who have received something from her. They call her Good Fortune. Those who are weeping are those from whom she has ravished what she gave. They, on the other hand, call her Misfortune.'

‘What does she give them which can make those who receive rejoice, and those who are deprived mourn?’

‘Such things as seem to men to be blessings.’

‘And these are?’

‘Oh, riches and fame and high birth and progeny and kingdoms and thrones, and things of that sort.’

‘But are not these blessings?’

‘We can leave that point for future discussion¹: let us finish the story first.’

‘As you will.’

9. ‘Well, do you see that whenever you have passed the gate there is another circle further on, and women standing outside it dressed in the fashion of courtesans?’

‘I see.’

‘Incontinence is among them and Profligacy and Avarice and Flattery.’

‘Why are they thus standing?’

‘They are watching for those who have got anything from Fortune.’

‘And then?’

‘They leap on them and embrace them, cajoling them and begging them to remain with them, saying they will lead a life pleasant and joyous without woe or pain. And if any man yields to them and goes to Pleasure, her society

¹ In c. 36.

seems pleasant to him just so long as she charms him, and no longer. For whenever he comes to his right mind he perceives that he has no food but is rather fed upon by her and abused. Wherefore, too, when he has dissipated all that he got from Fortune, he is compelled to serve these women and to endure every insult, even disgracing himself by having to do at their command all that is base, robbery, temple-sacking, perjury, treachery, piracy and the like. Then when nothing is left for him to do, he is handed over to Retribution.'

10. 'What is she like?'

'Do you see somewhat behind them and higher up something that looks like a small door, a tiny place and narrow and dark?'

'I do.'

'And base and filthy women clothed in rags are there?'

'Yes.'

'Of these she who holds the lash is called Retribution, she whose head is bowed in her lap is called Sorrow, and she who tears her hair is Anguish.'

'And that man who stands near them, deformed-looking and emaciated and naked, and with him a woman of like appearance, wretched and thin—who are they?'

'He is called Woe and she Despair, and

they are brother and sister. The prisoner is handed over to them, and living with them is tortured. Then he is hurried to another place, to Misery, and there passes the rest of his life in utter wretchedness, unless by his own choice Repentance meets him.'

11. 'What happens if Repentance meets him?'

'She raises him from his wretchedness, gives him as companion, Good Opinion, who will lead him to True Education, yet at the same time to her who is called False Education.'

'And then?'

'If he receives this Opinion as friend who is able to bring him to True Education he is purified by her and saved, and remains blessed and happy in life. If he does not, he is set wandering again by False Opinion.'

12. 'Of a truth, this is another mighty danger. But this False Education : what is she like?'

'Do you not see that other circle?'

'I do : what of it?'

'And outside the circle near the entrance a woman stands who appears pure and fair.'

'Well?'

'Most men in their hastiness call her Education, but this is not she : this is False Education. To her, first of all, must come those who are

to be saved whenever they desire to go to True Education.'

'And is there no other way to True Education but this?'

'There is not.'

13. 'Who are these men who are walking up and down inside the circle?'

'They are the poor deluded lovers of False Education, for they imagine they are consorting with True Education.'

'What are they called?'

'They are the poets, the orators, the rhetoricians, the musicians, the arithmeticians, the mathematicians, the astronomers, the critics, the philosophers, Hedonists, Peripatetics and the like.'

14. 'And these women who seem to be running round, just as the women at the first gate did—those among whom was Incontinence, you remember: who are they?'

'These are the same women.'

'What? Can they enter even here?'

'Aye, that they can; not often, it is true, and not exactly as they were in the first circle.'

'And the Opinions? Are they here?'

'Yes, for in the man there still remains the draught which he drank from Falsehood, and Ignorance too remains, and Folly with her. Nor can he escape from Opinion and the other

evil things until he has rejected False Education and gone on the true road, and drunk of the purifying draughts. Then when he is clean and has rid himself of all the evil that is in him—opinions, ignorance and the rest, then will he be safe. But if he remains with False Education he will never be freed, nor will evil ever leave him despite all these studies.’

15. ‘What sort of road leads to True Education?’

‘Do you see a high place further on, where there are no signs of habitation, but it seems quite deserted?’

‘I do.’

‘And do you see a tiny door and a road in front of it which has few folk on it—for very few ever tread it, because it seems impassable with its stones and roughness?’

‘Yes, I do.’

‘And there is a hill, too, high and with a steep ascent and deep precipices here and there?’

‘Yes.’

‘That is the road that leads to True Education.’

‘How difficult it seems!’

‘Do you see high up the hill a crag which is great and high and sheer all round?’

‘I do.’

16. ‘And do you see two women of bright and

glorious beauty standing on the stone who are eagerly stretching out their hands ?’

‘ I do : who are these ? ’

‘ Continence and Endurance. They are sisters.’

‘ Why are they stretching out their hands so eagerly ? ’

‘ They are bidding those who are coming to the hill take courage and not play the coward, saying that they have to endure only for a little and then they will come to a smooth road.’

‘ But when they reach the rock, how do they ascend ? I see no road up it.’

‘ These women come down from the summit and assist the travellers up and then bid them rest awhile ; but in a little they give them strength and courage, and bid them keep on to True Education. They point out the road, showing how fair it is, and smooth and easy to walk on, and how free from every evil thing, as you see.’

‘ Yes, I can in truth see it is so.’

17. ‘ Then do you see that in front of the grove there is a place which seems fair, just like a meadow and bathed in brilliant light ? ’

‘ Yes. What is this place called ? ’

‘ It is the abode of the happy. Here Happiness and all the Virtues dwell.’

‘ Ah, how fair the spot is ! ’

18. 'Now do you see that near the gate there is a lady of fair and open face, already past middle age, and dressed in a simple and unadorned robe? She is not standing on a spherical stone, but on a square one which stands firmly. With her are two who seem to be her daughters.'

'They do seem so.'

'The lady in the middle is Education, and her daughters are Truth and Persuasion.'

'Why does she stand on a square stone?'

'As a proof that secure and firm is the road which must be trod by those who come to her, and that the gifts she gives are permanent.'

'What does she give?'

'Boldness and fearlessness.'

'What are they?'

'In a word, knowledge that there is nothing terrible to be endured in life.'

19. 'Good sir, you do speak of excellent gifts. But why does she stand outside the circle?'

'To help those who come up, and to give them to drink of her cleansing draught. After that, when they are clean, she brings them to Virtue.'

'How so? I do not understand.'

'But you will understand. Suppose a man happens to be seriously ill: surely he will go to a doctor, and when the disease has been

expelled by cleansing medicine the doctor gives him recovery and health, but only if the sufferer obeys his orders; if he refuses to obey it is only reasonable that the doctor should send him away, and that he should be destroyed by the disease——'

'I understand that.'

'Well, precisely similarly when any one comes to Education she attends to him, and gives him a cleansing draught to take, and thus expels whatever of evil he has in his system.'

'Evil! What evil?'

'Ignorance and error which he drank in from Deceit, and arrogance and desire and incontinence and lust and avarice, and the rest with which he was defiled in the first circle.'

20. 'Whither does she send them after they are cleansed?'

'Inside the circle to Knowledge and the other virtues.'

'What are these?'

'Do you not see a band of women within the gate beautiful and comely in appearance, dressed in simple and unadorned robes; they are not affected nor tricked out as the others were?'

'I see them now. But what are their names?'

'The first is called Knowledge, the others, who are her sisters, are Courage, Justice, Manli-

ness, Temperance, Judgment, Generosity, Self-control, Meekness.'

'Why, friend, you give us good hope indeed.'

'Aye, if you understand and take in what I say.'

'But we will all attend as closely as we can.'

'Ah, then you will be safe.'

21. 'But where do they lead men when they receive them?'

'To their mother.'

'Who is she?'

'Happiness.'

'What is she like?'

'Do you see that road which leads to that height¹ which is the topmost point, the citadel, as it were, of all the circles?'

'I do.'

'Well, see there upon a lofty throne near the gate sits a woman fair of form, dressed in no servile garb, yet simply as befits a gentlewoman and crowned with a very beautiful wreath of flowers?'

'I see. She appears just as you say.'

'She is Happiness.'

22. 'What happens when a man comes to her?'

¹ Note that there are two hills, one of Education and one of Happiness. The man descends the hill of Virtue to ascend that of Happiness.

‘She crowns him with her power, and all the other Virtues do likewise, just as we crown the victors in the great contests.’

‘But in what contests did this man conquer?’

‘In the greatest of all contests. For these wild beasts of great size, which formerly preyed upon him and tore him and made him a slave, all of them he conquered and hurled them from him, becoming his own master so that they now are slaves to him as he was formerly a slave to them.’

23. ‘What beasts exactly do you mean? I should like much to understand this.’

‘First Ignorance and Error. Do they not seem wild beasts to you?’

‘Aye, most dangerous wild beasts.’

‘Then Pain and Woe and Avarice and Incontinence and every vice. All these he conquers, and is not a slave to them as of old.’

‘Well done, indeed, and a glorious victory. But tell me this. What is that virtue of the wreath with which you say she crowned him?’

‘It makes him happy, my friend. For he who is crowned with the potent wreath of happiness becomes happy and blessed, and does not place his hopes of happiness in others but in himself.’

24. ‘How fair a reward you tell of! But when he is crowned what does he do or whither does he go?’

‘The Virtues take him and lead him to the place whence he came and show him those who are there, how wretchedly ^{an} they live and how miserably they drag out their existence—derelicts, as it were, on life’s ocean, drifting about, and, as ships are captured by foemen and taken away, they are led off by their foes—some by Incontinence, some by Arrogance, some by Avarice, some by Vanity, and others by other vices. From these fierce foes by whom they are held they cannot free themselves and so be saved and arrive here, but are in woe for all their lives. They suffer this because they are unable to find the way hither. The instructions of the Genius have been forgotten.’

25. ‘You seem to speak truly, but again I fail to understand. Why do the Virtues show him that place whence he formerly came?’

‘Because when he was there he did not know things accurately—indeed, was quite without knowledge, but was at a loss through the ignorance and error he had imbibed, and thought things good, which were not good, and things bad, which were not bad. So he lived evilly as the others do who live there. Now when he has got knowledge of what is good, he lives well, and sees that these men are living evilly.

26. 'When he has seen all this, then, what does he do or whither does he go?'

'Wherever he desires. Everywhere he is as safe as if he were dwelling in the Korykian cave¹ and, wherever he chance to arrive, he will live well in every way and enjoy perfect safety. Every one will receive him gladly, just as sufferers welcome a physician.'

'And does he no longer dread these women whom you called wild beasts, nor fear lest he take some hurt from them?'

'He can never be disturbed either by Pain or Grief or Incontinence or Avarice or Poverty or any other ill. He is lord of them all, and superior to all of those who formerly did him harm. He is just like the snake-charmer. These animals, you know, who would injure all others, even to their deaths, never harm their masters with their bites, for he has an antidote. So these women can no longer hurt him since he has an antidote.'

27. 'You seem to me to speak well. But tell me further. Who are these who seem to be coming away from the hill? Some of them are crowned and have a joyous appearance, others are uncrowned and seem sad and terrified.

¹ A cave on Mount Parnassos sacred to the Muses, used as a place of refuge by the people of Delphi which became proverbial as a place of safety.

Their legs and heads, too, are bruised, and they are being held back by some women.'

'Those who are crowned are those who won through to Education, and because they fell in with her they are happy. Of those who are uncrowned some are they who are given up by Education in despair and come back here to live wretchedly. Others have played the coward while on the ascent to Courage, and now return again and wander in a pathless place.'

'But the women who follow with them : who are they?'

'Griefs and Pains and Cares and Shames and Ignorances.'

28. 'You mean that every evil follows them?'

'Aye, you speak true : every evil follows them. When they come to the first circle, to Luxury and Incontinence, they never blame themselves, but at once slander Education and those travelling thither, saying that they are wretchedly miserable and unfortunate, who leave Life and the company of Luxury and her fellows, refusing to enjoy the blessings these can afford.'

'What do they mean by blessings?'

'Utter Profligacy and Incontinence, to speak briefly. Like cattle they think that good feeding is the highest form of enjoyment.'

29. 'Now these other women who are coming back laughing and joyous : who are they?'

‘Opinions. They return after leading to Education those who go to the Virtues, so that they may bring others there too, and to tell them how happy now are those who have gone before.’

‘Do they themselves not go in to the Virtues?’

‘No. It is not lawful for Opinions to go to Knowledge, but they hand over to Education those they conduct. Then when Education has taken their charges, they descend again to bring up others, just as ships having discharged their freights return again and are filled with other merchandise.’

30. ‘Truly do you seem to me to have explained the fable. But not yet am I clear on this. What does the Genius enjoin those who are entering into life to do?’

‘To be of good courage; and do you, sirs, also be of good courage, for I will explain everything and omit nothing.’

‘You say well and we thank you.’

So again stretching out his hand he continued, ‘Do you see that woman—she, I mean, who seems to be blind? She is standing on a spherical stone, and I told you before she was called Fortune.’

‘We see.’

31. ‘The Genius orders the man entering not to trust her, and to think nothing secure or

permanent which he can get from her, nor to consider it his own. Nothing prevents her taking away all these things from him and giving them to others, and often she does this. For that reason the Genius bids him be temperate in mind in regard to her gifts, not to rejoice when she gives, nor despair when she takes away, nor to blame nor to praise her. For she does nothing with reason, but everything without consideration and by chance, as I told you before. So he bids the man not to be surprised at anything she does, and not be like a wicked banker. For when he gets money from customers he rejoices and considers it his own. Then, when he is deprived of it, he is angry and thinks himself wronged, forgetting altogether that he got the deposit on the condition that nothing should prevent the depositor removing it again. Thus the Genius orders the man to act in regard to her gifts, bidding him remember that Fortune is of this nature. She takes away what she gave, and in an instant gives many times more, and again takes her gift away—not only these new gifts but what was his possession before. Yet he orders him to take what she gives, and—to put it briefly—to go away looking for a sure and safe gift elsewhere.’

32. ‘What sort of gift?’

‘The gift he can get from Education if he gets there in safety.’

‘What is that?’

‘A true knowledge of what is beneficial, a safe gift it is and sure, and it brings no care with it. The Genius bids the man quickly fly to her, and when he comes to these women who, as I have said, are Incontinence and Luxury, he advises him to escape at once and in no wise to trust them, and go on until he comes to False Education. He tells him to delay a time there and take what he likes from her as maintenance, so to say, for the journey, and then leave her to go to True Education. These are the commands of the Genius. Whoever acts contrary to them or refuses to listen is an evil man, and perishes wretchedly.’

33. ‘Such is the story, sirs, which is engraved on the tablet. Now if you wish to learn more on any of these points I am in no hurry and will answer your questions.’

‘Thanks indeed, sir. Tell us, then, what does the Genius bid them take from False Education?’

‘Whatever they think useful.’

‘Such as?’

‘Letters, Literature and the other sciences which Plato¹ says play the part of a bit to

¹ *Leg.* vii. 808 DE.

young men, and keep them from being distracted into other pursuits.'

'Is it necessary to receive these if one wants to go to True Education?'

'There is no necessity. These things are only useful in letting a man get to her more quickly. They are no help to becoming morally better.'

'Do you really assert that they are of no use in making us better?'

'It is quite possible to become better without them, but of course they are not altogether useless. It is like this. Through an interpreter we can gather what has been said by a foreigner quite well, but it is not altogether useless for us to know his language ourselves, for we would understand more accurately. Similarly, even if we are without these sciences we are not thereby prevented from becoming better, but they are not useless since they may help us on our way to True Education.'

34. 'Then those who know these sciences are really better off than others in the fight to be nobler?'

'No, no. How could they be better off when they are seen to be in error about good and evil just like others, and are just as much subdued by Vices? Knowing literature and being master of all knowledge is no preventive

to a man's being drunken or incontinent or avaricious or unjust or treacherous or, in a word, mad.'

'Certainly there are many such men in the world.'

'Well, how are they better off with all their learning in the endeavour to be better?'

35. 'From your words I should say no better off. But why is it that they are delaying in the second circle as if coming near to True Education?'

'And what does it benefit them when often men can be seen coming from the first circle from Incontinence and the other vices to the third circle to True Education who surpass all the learned? How are they better off than if they were less industrious or less learned?'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, those from the first circle are not pretending that they know what they do not know, but those in the second circle certainly do so pretend. Now, while they have this opinion it is impossible that they can progress towards True Education. Then do you not see, too, that the Opinions from the first circle go to them likewise? So that they are no better off than those in the first circle, unless they meet with repentance and realise that they have not True Education, but False Education

by which they are deceived. Being in that condition they could not otherwise be saved. So do you act thus and persevere at my teaching until you have possession of it. But it is necessary to consider it often, and never to let it go and to think everything else secondary. If not, all you have just heard will be of no benefit to you.'

36. 'But we will obey you. Yet explain this. How are these not blessings which men get from Fortune, such as life, health, wealth, children, victory, and the like? Or, again, how are their opposites not bad? For it seems most strange to us, and almost incredible.'

'Well, try and answer——'

'I will do so.'

'First of all, if a man lives evilly, is life a blessing to him?'

'Certainly not—but a curse. At least, so I think.'

'How, then, can life be a blessing, if it is a curse to him?'

'It seems to me that to those who live evilly life is bad, but to those who live well it is good.'

'Then would you say life is both good and bad?'

'I would.'

37. 'Do not speak so senselessly. It is impossible for anything to be both good and

bad. As well say that a thing is both beneficial and hurtful, or fit both to be sought and to be shunned.'

'Yes; I spoke nonsense. But how is not an evil life an evil to him to whom it belongs? For if something evil is his lot, then life is evil.'

'Nay, for to live and to live evilly are not the same thing. But perhaps you think they are.'

'Of course I see they are not the same.'

'To live evilly is bad: to live is not bad. If it was bad, it would be bad to those who live well, since they have life, and this, we said, is an evil.'

'True enough.'

38. 'Since, then, life is the property of both, to those who live evilly and those who live well, is it not right to say that life is neither good nor bad? Just similar is the case of treating the sick. To cut or to burn is neither hurtful or beneficial, but it depends on how the cutting or the burning is done. Now apply this to life. Life is not an evil, but an evil life is.'

'That is so.'

'Taking it that it is so, think—would you prefer living evilly to dying nobly and heroically?'

'I should choose to die nobly.'

'Well, then, death cannot be an evil if sometimes it is to be chosen in preference to life.'

'True.'

‘Similarly in regard to health or disease. Often it is not a blessing to be in health, but the very reverse. It depends on circumstances.’

‘True again.’

39. ‘Now, consider wealth. We can see—oh, how often we can see!—a wealthy man living evilly and wretchedly.’

‘Aye, many of them.’

‘Thus wealth is of no use for a good life.’

‘It does not seem so, for these are naturally worthless.’

‘And wealth did not make them otherwise. Only education can do that.’

‘That is so.’

‘From this argument, then, wealth is not a good thing since it is of no help to its possessors in becoming better.’

‘I think you have proved that.’

‘So to some it is positively harmful to have wealth when they do not understand its use.’

‘So it would seem.’

‘How, then, can anyone think a thing good when often the possession of it is an evil?’

‘In no way.’

‘Thus if anyone knows how to use wealth properly, he will live nobly and happily, but if not he will live evilly.’

‘You seem to say what is absolutely true.’

40. ‘And the sum of the matter is this. To

honour these things as good or despise them as bad is only to disturb and injure ourselves, for if we honour them and think happiness is only to be got through them, we suffer anything to get them, and decline to do nothing that is base and impious. We are in this plight because we are ignorant of good. We cannot see that good cannot come out of ill. It is possible to see many in possession of wealth by reason of their wicked and base actions—betraying, pirating, murdering, flattering, defrauding, and other despicable deeds.’

‘True.’

41. ‘If, then, nothing good can come from evil, as I hold, the wealth that arises from evil deeds must of necessity be bad.’

‘Yes, that follows from your argument.’

‘But it is not possible to acquire knowledge or justice from evil deeds, any more than to gain injustice and folly from noble deeds. For then things are inconsistent with one another. But nothing prevents a man winning fame and victory and the like by much wrong-doing. So that such things are neither good nor bad, but wisdom alone is good, and folly alone is bad.’

‘You have proved that,¹ and I abandon the

¹ At this point the Greek manuscripts break off. The remainder is from a Latin translation of an Arabic version made about the nineteenth century.

opinion I had, that these things could be from evil deeds.'

42. 'Well, it certainly comes to the same thing, for we said such things were neither good nor bad, and that so much the more would they be bad if they came into being through evil actions only. But all things come equally from both, and that is why we say they are neither good nor bad, just as sleep and wakefulness are neither good nor bad. Similarly in my opinion with walking and sitting and the rest which happen to everyone whether he has knowledge or not. But as for things belonging to either the learned or the unlearned, then one is good and the other is bad, as tyranny and justice, for tyranny is a quality of the ignorant and justice of the learned. Justice always is a possession of men gifted with intelligence, and tyranny is a quality only of the ignorant. Nor can it happen, as we have said before, that at one and the same time to one and the same man can two things of opposite nature happen, enabling, for instance, one and the same man at one and the same moment of time to be both asleep and awake, wise and foolish or any other such things of similar nature.'

'I think with this completed discourse you have finished your task.'

43. 'All these things I affirm came from that origin which is truly divine.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'Life and death, health and sickness, wealth and poverty, and the like which you declared were both good and evil come to most of us, and from a source that is not evil.'

'I should think it follows of necessity from your argument that such things are neither good nor bad, but still I confess I am not at all convinced that you speak truth in ascribing to them a divine origin.'

'That is because you have not nearly reached the stage at which you will be able to grasp this truth. So spend the whole course of your life in seeking the purpose of things as I indicated it to you a little ago, so that all I have told you may remain fast in your minds, and that stage I spoke of be reached at last. And if you are in any doubt on any point, please return to me and I will explain it away, for I would that all doubt departed from you.'

PRODIKOS' *THE CHOICE OF*
HERAKLES



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PRODIKOS'

THE CHOICE OF HERAKLES¹

NOTE

This allegory, perhaps the most famous of all the Greek moral fables, and by painting and quotation well-nigh as familiar in our own land as in the Athens which first heard it, is found in Xenophon's *Memorabilia* or *Memoirs of Sokrates*. Sokrates relates it to Aristippos, who is maintaining that the life of pleasure and ease is the only one worth living, ascribing it to Prodikos, one of the most famous teachers of morals in Athens in the fifth century B.C.

Hesiod, the epic poet, has said :

'Vice ev'rywhere and easily each may find,
For to her seat the road is smooth, nor is
The journey long. But far away there lies
Virtue's fair temple, high on craggy heights,
Rising from out a jagged hill whereon
Ways tortuous are, and steps run upward aye.
Since heaven's decree has bade us toil and strive
To win but ev'n the lowest height. Yet this
Once gained, the path that seemed so steep and dread
Runs ever smother to the peaks beyond.'

¹ Herakles, originally a local deity, became in the hands of the poets and philosophers the type of struggling humanity at its highest.

Epicharmos, the dramatist, is of the same opinion :

‘ The gods for labour sell us all good things.’

And again—

‘ Poor fool, run not along the pathway smooth,
Lest thou dost find it rather hard than smooth.’

Prodikos, the sophist, has a fable about Herakles which expresses a similar opinion about vice and virtue.

When Herakles was emerging from boyhood into manhood, and had reached the age when the young become their own masters and make the decision whether they will go through life by the path of virtue or that of vice, he found himself at a loss as to which path to follow, so retired to a quiet spot to think. Here he saw two tall women advancing towards him. One was fair and refined in appearance, adorned with clear, pure skin, modesty of look, and sobriety of demeanour, and was clad in a white robe. The other was rounder and softer, but with complexion artfully made whiter and redder than it really was, and by her carriage seemed taller than her true height. She had bold, staring eyes, and wore gauze robes which revealed the beauty of her form. She looked constantly at herself, and watched to see if any-

one else was observing her, and many times turned to gaze at her shadow.

When they came nearer to Herakles the former of them came forward with the same stately walk, but the other, eager to be before her, ran on to Herakles and thus addressed him :

‘I perceive, my Herakles, you are at a loss by which path to journey into life. If you make me your friend I will conduct by the most easy and pleasant road, letting you feast on every pleasure and live free from every care. Nothing shall you care for war or statecraft, but will consider only what meat and drink you can find to gratify yourself, how to taste every delight of sight and sound, of smell and touch, how to sleep softly, softly, and how to win all these delights without toil or struggle. Should suspicion take you that you will have want of means to obtain such pleasures, fear nothing. Never will I set you to labour and suffer either in mind or body to gain them. Nay, rather what other men slave for you will enjoy without work ; nor will ever lack aught from which you may derive some profit. For I give to those who are my friends freedom to take what pleases them from any source whatsoever.’

Hearing all this, Herakles asked, ‘And what, lady, is your name?’ ‘My friends name me

Happiness,' she replied ; ' but those who like me not call me Vice.'

By this the other had come up to them, and now she spoke. ' I too have come to thee, O Herakles, since I did know thy parents and have watched thy nature during thine earliest upbringing, and from it I have good hope that if thou wilt take the road that leadeth to mine abode thou wilt do most excellently all that is fair and holy, and I will gain in honour and renown by your noble deeds. But I will not deceive thee with assurances of pleasure, but ever will I tell truly things as they really are and as Heaven hath ordered them. For of things good and fair Heaven grants none to men without toil and care. If thou dost desire Heaven to look kindly on thee, thou must pay devotion to Heaven. If thou dost wish the love of thy friends, thou must serve thy friends. If the desire comes to thee to be honoured by a city, thou must confer benefits on that city. If thou dost long to be revered by all Greece for thy virtue, thou must be of advantage to all Greece. If thou dost desire that earth yield to thee abundant fruit, thou must cultivate the earth. If thou hast a mind to be rich in herds of cattle, thou must lavish care upon thy herds. If thou dost purpose to increase thyself by war and crush thine enemies, thou must learn war's arts

from those who know them, and learn to use them by practice. If thou dost wish to be strong in body, thou must train the body to serve the mind and exercise it with toil and sweat.'

At this Vice interrupted her, crying out, 'See you, my Herakles, how long and difficult is the road whereby this woman leads you to pleasure ! By an easy path and short will I bring you to happiness.'

But Virtue replied, 'Ah, wretched one, what good thing hast thou ? What pleasure dost thou know, doing nought for the winning of it ? Never dost thou wait for the desire for things pleasant, but before there is desire thou dost fill thyself with food, eating before there is hunger, drinking before there is thirst, devising fine cookeries that thou mayest eat with delight, buying wines with much gold, seeking all around for snow in summer-time that with delight thou mayest drink. That thou mayest sleep pleasantly thou dost prepare not only soft couches but dost place rockers under them. For not through toil hast thou desire for slumber, but because of lacking ought to do. The bodily passions thou dost incite by every kind of spur, before there is true longing. Thus it is that thou dost use thy friends by night, degrading them in things of ill, and by day causest them to waste the daylight in slumber.

One of the immortals thou art, but from Heaven wert thou cast out and art despised by men that are true. Never hast thou heard the fairest of all delights—men singing thy praises : never hast thou beheld the best of sights—a work fair and good wrought by thine own hands. Who would have confidence even in thy plighted word? Who would aid thee when thou hast need? Who of sound mind would dare join thy riot? For they who are of thy band in youth grow powerless in body, and in age become powerless in mind. Toilless do they live and sleekly while they are young : in toil and leanness do they pass their age, shamed with what they did, burdened with what they do, having run through delight in youth and laid up anguish for old age. But I company with the gods, with men of truth. No fair deed of god or man is done without me. From those to whom it is given to honour me, both gods and men, cometh honour to me. By the workers am I hailed as a welcome fellow-labourer, as a faithful house-guard by masters, a kindly helper by servants. True supporter am I of the works of peace, a sure friend of the toils of war, and best of all sharers in friendship. For my friends have sweet, undisturbed enjoyment of meat and drink, since they touch them not till they feel desire. Softer slumber

have they than the idlers, nor are they grieved if they are deprived of it and for its sake omit not to do what they ought. The young rejoice in the praises of the old : the old have pleasure in the reverence of the young. They win delight in calling to mind deeds of old, and joy in doing well what lies to hand. Through me they are beloved of Heaven, endeared to their friends, and honoured by their fatherlands. When the appointed end of life doth come, not forgotten and unhonoured do they lie, but hymned with songs of triumph live in the heart of man for ever.

‘ If these things are done by thee, O Herakles, thou son of noble parents, thou wilt achieve the noblest and most perfect happiness.’

Nor did Herakles hesitate but yielded himself up to Virtue.